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The Week

THE WEEK'S DEVELOPMENTS in the international situation continue to support the hypothesis that the primary purpose of France is not to secure reparations but to dismember Germany. The well-informed Edwin L. James, writing in the New York Times, says that Great Britain has asked France to indicate what terms will be imposed if the Cuno government makes the complete surrender which is demanded. If this is done, Cuno has informed Baldwin that the German government will be able to yield without being destroyed at once by a revolution. To this request, reasonable if anything in all history was ever reasonable, M. Poincaré remains obdurate, as he is to the renewed plea of the Pope that the reprisals for acts of sabotage in the Rhur shall not be so severe as to make subsequent discussions impossible. France reserves the right to take whatever action she chooses, and will hold Cuno responsible for violence over which it is apparent to every sane man he can have no possible control.

THE ACCEPTANCE BY the French Chamber of the Washington Naval Treaty, the announced success of the Lausanne Conference and the action of the League of Nations in regard to the Saar are the other outstanding events of the week. The supposed harmony at Lausanne is still unconfirmed as we go to press, since it is not yet known whether the United States will be satisfied to accept ratification of a limited list of Turkish pre-war concessions to the European powers. The League investigation of French rule in the Saar has been so mild and has come so close to whitewashing the governing commission that one can only conclude Lord Robert Cecil feels the Franco-British crisis to be too grave for a real investigation at this time. The French, immensely relieved that what they have done in the Saar is not to be published to the world, nevertheless continue their attacks upon the budget of the League—attacks which seek, according to a correspondent of the New York World, to starve the League financially and thereby limit its power.

THE WEEK'S BUDGET of Russian news contains several interesting items. An American firm has secured a concession for an import and export monopoly, under a guarantee on its part to do a business of not less than $2,400,000 a year. Its operations will be conducted in the new gold-secured currency, which has now remained stable in value for a number of months. Russia will be asked to sign the Turkish Straits convention at Lausanne, at the moment when half-way around the world her conference with Japan is in danger of being broken off because the latter power still refuses to evacuate the northern half of the island of Sakhalin. The new Russian constitution, we are informed in somewhat ironic press dispatches, is modelled on the American, though it does not contain our guarantees of free speech and a free press.

THE REPORT OF THE coal commission is the high spot of a dull week in domestic affairs. The commission, while it approves private owner-

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ship, recognizes the in e of the public interest and authorizes government interference in case of emergency in a way which would have been quite impossible, coming from an essentially conservative government commission a decade ago. The report is made public at the moment when anthracite miners are demanding a twenty percent increase in wages, universal recognition of the union, and the introduction of the "check off." Further evidence that the world "do move" may be found, by the optimistically minded, in the agreement by the Iron and Steel Institute to abolish the twelve-hour day. Since Judge Gary asserts this will not be possible until 60,000 additional men are available for the mills, and since employment in the steel industry is so unattractive that no one will turn to it as long as he can get work anywhere else, the happy day is evidently still far distant. The dispute over alleged non-union conditions in the coal mine owned by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has been amicably settled. The Federal Fuel Distributor urges everyone to buy his next winter's coal now if he expects to get any.

AS PRESIDENT HARDING reaches Alaska, Underwood virtually announces that he will seek the Democratic nomination and friends of McAdoo meet in New York to perfect their 1924 plans. The third party conference in Chicago again results in a split, the radicals forming their own group. Governor Preus of Minnesota, running for Senator, ignores Mr. Harding and repudiates the Republican tariff—sufficient evidence of the strength of the Farmer-Labor opposition. Another policy of the administration is belittled by the replies to the "twelve-mile" proposal, to which only one nation is willing to consent. A Montana court decision strikes another blow at the Volstead law by holding that in so far as it limits the right of a physician to prescribe liquor it is unconstitutional. The storm centre of the struggle for academic freedom has shifted to the University of Tennessee, where a number of members of the faculty have been dismissed after filling out an extraordinary questionnaire which implies that it is an impropriety to belong to the American Association of University Professors and demands that the instructor shall carry tales about his discontented colleagues.

ADOPTION BY THE BRITISH government of a definite policy on the Ruhr is foreshadowed by the speeches of L. S. Amery, First Lord of the Admiralty and Neville Chamberlain, Health Minister. Both expressed the view that the situation can not be permitted to drag on much longer. And there is every reason to think that this is the view of the whole Cabinet, and of a great majority of the political leaders, irrespective of party. France has had sufficient time to demonstrate to what her policy of coercion leads. It does not produce reparations payments and cannot. It creates a tension that the shaky structure of European civilization will not stand. This fact is recognized everywhere. The Italian government and the Pope, Czecho-Slovakia and probably Belgium are pressing for a compromise settlement. What is lacking to convince France that she cannot afford to hold blindly to her present course is a definite statement from the American government backing up the forces that are laboring for a peaceful solution.

SUPPOSE THAT THE BRITISH government declares that in its opinion the Ruhr situation is intolerable and that both France and Germany ought to yield their extreme claims—what then? The French are in the Ruhr, and cannot be got out by a mere expression of British opinion. The Germans will keep up passive resistance as long as the French refuse any terms except unconditional surrender. What will have been gained by British action? At least this. The German people will have evidence that the public opinion of the world is coming their way, and that they cannot afford to do anything to forfeit the advantage. Passive resistance will be much less likely to degenerate into violence. The Cuno government, which represents the sanest and most moderate political elements in Germany, will be strengthened against its Nationalist and Communist enemies. The collapse of Germany will be delayed, and time may be found for a possible solution. That is all, but it is worth working for.

EVERY ACT OF SABOTAGE and violence in the Ruhr works obviously to the injury of Germany and the political benefit of France. This has been recognized everywhere since the beginning. How well the Germans appreciate it is shown by the remarkable infrequency of acts of resistance in a population that must contain tens of thousands of persons who would gladly die if they could first wreak signal injury upon their enemies. If it were New England that was occupied by alien soldiers, and New Englanders were being thrust out of their homes, arrested and tried by drumhead court martials for persisting in their duties as American citizens, acts of sabotage and violence would be of daily occurrence. We are not so well-disciplined a people. But no people is perfectly disciplined, and even the bitter need of the German people is insufficient wholly to restrain imbecile hot heads from compromising their country's cause.

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FOR THE FRENCH to hold the German government responsible for all crimes against the invaders in the Ruhr is especially preposterous in view of the fact that they disarmed and expelled from the occupied territory a large part of the police and wholly demoralized the forces that were permitted to operate. No government could possibly keep absolute order in the circumstances. But the German government has exhibited serious ineptitude in its handling of the situation. Instead of coming out with an uncompromising denunciation of violence as treason to the country as well as a common crime, the German government has dealt in regrets and apologies. It is true that outrages will happen under such conditions as the occupation has created. But it was not necessary for the German government to say it.

THE ACTION OF THE French Chamber in ratifying the Naval Treaty of the Washington Conference need deceive no one. If France has now decided to accept the treaty, it means merely that she no longer finds it worth while to use the threat of non-ratification to prevent interference by America in her Ruhr adventure. In part, ratification might be the result of fear that the suggestion of Tokio would be followed out and that England, Japan and the United States would draw up a new three-power treaty, leaving France out in the cold and definitely relegating her to the ranks of the second-rate maritime powers. It has long been clear that her ratification was withheld purely for political purposes. France cannot build battleships, and would not if she could. Her weapon is the submarine and of these she will continue to build as many as she can afford. For her to sign the treaty was hardly more than an act of international courtesy; and it speaks volumes as to the frame of mind of her people that even to secure passage in the lower house it was necessary to stress the fact that the agreement is for no more than a decade.

AMERICAN SMALL-TOWN LIFE on a plane which Sinclair Lewis quite failed to get into his encyclopaedic Main Street is found in the wonderful adventure of Shelby, Montana, with the Dempsey-Gibbons fight. What could be more characteristic of our great open West than the notion that hiring a couple of gladiators to pummel each other in Shelby would be a good means of advertising to the world the richness of its oil land? What is more completely in accord with the best American tradition than to offer three hundred thousand dollars for the fight when you haven't the money and don't know where to get it? How could anyone improve the climax provided by the citizens who, after a series of hysterical financial misadventures, at last actually succeeded in producing all but a few thousands of the promised sum, digging deep into their own pockets to do so? Where else in all the world would a community, beginning with a telegram sent as a practical joke, proceed to make good on its own bluff in such a heroic and painful way? Viscount Bryce's famous study of the American commonwealth will never be complete until a chapter is added which will explain Shelby and its people, once and for all.

AN EXCELLENT THUMBNAIL likeness of American journalism may be found by observing how the New York Times reported two recent news events of some importance. This paper, which comes close to deserving the title of the world's greatest daily, sent at least one highly intelligent member of its editorial staff to Shelby, Montana, to report the Dempsey-Gibbons fight, and every day for more than a week it published column after column of accurate, clear-cut presentation of the news from the training camps, culminating with three pages of facts about the fight itself. On the other hand, most of its special dispatches from Chicago reporting the Farmer-Labor Convention which was attended by almost a thousand representatives of various groups interested in a third party were about as bad as they could be. Not only were the reports very short, and buried among those remote inner pages which only the hardiest reader of the Times is courageous enough to reach, but they were incoherent to a point which forced the reader to suspect either his own sanity or the reporter's. It is only fair to add that as soon as the convention showed signs of breaking up in a fight, the dispatches improved in quality; perhaps with the introduction of the element of combat, the Times automatically classified the convention as belonging in the realm of fisticuffs and as therefore deserving of the intelligence and care always meted out to events in that field.

OF THE TWENTY-SIX politicals whose terms of imprisonment were commuted by President Harding only eight have been released. Seven others are held on deportation warrants and will be released only on bonds obliging them to appear for deportation within one month. On the cruelty of holding these men in prison for a period of five years only at its close to put them out of the country it is needless to comment. The clause which is inserted in each commutation making it conditional upon the holder's being "law-abiding and loyal to the United States" and leaving the President the sole judge of its violation, is responsible for the refusal of the remaining eleven to accept it. Six are nearing the expiration of their five year terms and prefer to wait for unconditional release. Two fear deportation. Three refuse, as

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a matter of principle, t the condition with its implication that the ot been law-abiding or loyal. Their attitude is expressed in the letter of Red Doran, printed elsewhere in this issue.

THE COAL COMMISSION'S report marks the beginning of a new epoch in American conservative thinking. A body of men whose economic orthodoxy is guaranteed by the name of John Hays Hammond, Chairman, finds coal supply essentially a public service, and therefore subject to government regulation like national banks and common carriers. It is plainly implied that there is an inherent absurdity in a system which leaves it to private owners to determine whether coal properties shall be developed or not, what royalties shall be charged, how the highest profits may be won. The Commission is opposed to government ownership and appears to have no clear conclusions as to what form regulation ought to take. It does recommend, however, that in times of emergency the President shall be empowered to take over the whole system of producing, distributing and marketing coal, and to fix the compensation of the owners, subject to court review.

THE MOST REMARKABLE indication of the progress conservative opinion has made away from the old laissez-faire position appears in the Commission's handling of the subject of royalties. "The Commission does not recommend the abolition of existing property rights, however much might be said for the view that mineral deposits should been held from the beginning as national rather than individual property." What! Mr. Hammond agrees that something can be said for this view? Then he must see some good in the very provisions of the Mexican constitution of 1917 against which our oil men are protesting.

THE LIBERALS WHOSE preference is recorded in the New Republic Straw Vote are overwhelmingly for a third party, and the most popular candidate to head the new ticket is Senator La Follette. These are the outstanding conclusions at the close of the current week's balloting. Borah comes second among the candidates, Ford third and Hoover fourth. Those who favor one of the existing parties show a strong preference for McAdoo. La Follette comes second on this list, and the positions of Ford and Borah are reversed, the automobile king having a few more votes than the gentleman from Idaho. Smith comes fifth on the list of choices for an existing party, and President Harding sixth.

SENTIMENT IN FAVOR OF America's entering the League seems to be increasing, with 943 favorable votes and 598 in opposition. Of the former group, 444 believe reservations of some sort desirable. There are 542 who are more favorable to the League than in 1920, and 781 who are less so. The vote on the other questions remains unchanged by the additional ballots counted this week. A third party is favored by 1,132 and opposed by less than a third as many, or 343. Public ownership of mines is advocated by 1,280 and opposed by 260. Public ownership of railroads is not quite so popular, receiving 1,199 favorable votes and 338 in opposition.

Under Scopolamin

AT 10:10 A. M. the subject stopped signing papers and announced he was ready. At 10:20 the dose of truth-compelling scopolamin was administered in a room at the State, War and Navy building overlooking the White House Gardens. At 10:24 the subcutaneous injection had taken effect. The subject began to speak, in a high, clear voice, articulating distinctly and with a degree of confidence amounting almost to dogmatism.

"Certainly, I am qualified for a better job than this; but then, the better job is already filled. This is next best; though it is irritating to be forced to help make a mess of things when I could run them beautifully, successfully, all alone. But the waiting game is the right one for me. Say nothing and saw wood, and wait for the lightning to strike.

"Does that League promise of the Thirty-one embarrass me? Of course it does; do you think I'm a fool? We got into a mess, that's all; we bit off more than we could chew; and the best thing now is to sit tight and brazen it out and pretend we're satisfied. Well, you've got to take the bitter with the sweet. When you're surrounded, as I am nowadays, with stupid men and uneducated men, whom you nevertheless can't get rid of, must work with, it's a trial to your patience. But you mustn't let *that* leak out to the public. The public must never suspect you're human. Of course, after all, my colleagues couldn't be expected to have my brains; but they might be expected to have *some*.

"Yes, I'm licked, on that League business. But shall I strike an attitude like a movie hero, and resign just because I made a promise and now can't deliver the goods? No, sir; I'll just say that we never guaranteed anything or promised to perform miracles, and I'll stay where the power is.

"Now my World Court plan seems to be smashed, too. That makes me simply sick; but of course it's no more than I might have expected, with the sort of people I have to work with. Well, if they want to sacrifice the Court in the interest of party harmony, I'm not going to be the one to say them nay. I'd like to do something to save

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European civilization; but I've got my position here to think of. I mustn't go advancing ideas my colleagues are incapable of living up to; and, if you knew how little they *are* capable of living up to—you'd be surprised.

"About those Mexicans and Russians: of course in public I have to use a lot of high-sounding phrases; but between you and me, these foreigners make me tired. They seem so completely blind to the orderly processes of the Anglo-Saxon intellect. And the nerve of them—coming along with their so-called new ideas in economics and government. Don't they realize that if their 'new ideas' were any good, I'd have thought of them myself, long ago?

"Same way with those political prisoners. Down in my heart I have felt for years that they should have been set free; but I wasn't going to be the one to take the idea up with my colleagues. They rather suspect me anyhow, because my superiority of intelligence is so obvious to them. I can't afford to have them get the idea I am dangerously radical. So I did what any sensible man would do in my place—I kept still. And then too, those prisoners had such queer friends. Came and badgered me—and I hate to be badgered. It's taken me years to learn to be hail-fellow-well-met, and the strain of keeping it up while they're badgering me is simply terrible.

"There's another thing—our policy in the Caribbean . . . . ."

But at this point, at 10:27, the effect of the drug wore off. The subject opened his eyes, sat up, and added:

"You gentlemen realize, of course, that what I have said is all in confidence. Nothing for publication today. No, not a thing."

What Is the Ruhr to Us?

WE are not a patient people. We weary of an issue that drags on interminably. If it lies within our competence, we soon demand that it be settled "one way or another." Settlement is what we crave; the terms are incidental. If the issue lies apparently out of our competence we seal our ears against it. Just now we are especially bored with the Ruhr. The Ruhr; have we not heard ten times more than enough about it since last January? And anyway, what is it to us? Let France settle it if she can, or France and England. We on this side of the Atlantic have troubles enough of our own.

That is exactly how we felt ten years ago about the Moroccan question, Alsace-Lorraine, Poland, the Southern Slavs, the Anatolian railway. What were they to us? We have since found out. Some tens of thousands of our young men slain in battle, and many more tens of thousands maimed and disabled. Some twenty billions of public debt and income taxes we shall not get rid of except by going bankrupt or dying. A plague of Bolsheviks and Bolshevik hunters, of propagandists, liars, Ku Kluxers and what not, to pockmark our civilization. Those interminable Old World issues avenged themselves upon our indifference. How about this new issue of the Ruhr?

Perhaps it will let us go unscathed. But we had better not be too sure of it. For the real issue is no longer between France and Germany; it is between France and England. It is a grave issue and one which can not leave us unimplicated, if it comes to extremes.

As an issue between England and France the Ruhr is immediately a matter of economics; ultimately a matter of security. England can live only by what she picks out of the current of world trade. That current suffered a considerable diminution from the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary and the reversion of the succession states to an economy of isolation. It has suffered far more severely from the decay of German industry produced by the war and the peace. And if Germany collapses and is dismembered a great part of the current of world trade will dry up. Some English economic authorities have estimated that the Balkanization of Germany will cost England the livings of ten million people. M. Clemenceau assumed, among the premises of his policy, that there were too many Germans. M. Poincaré assumes that there are too many Englishmen.

Not many Englishmen agree with him. But even those who would like to see the population of the British Isles reduced to more manageable proportions are insistent upon security for those who remain. And security for England depends on the political status of the lands across the Channel and the North Sea. With a single power dominant from the Danish coast to Cape Finisterre England could never feel secure, especially in these days of submarines and airplanes. England all but bankrupted herself to keep Napoleon from establishing such a control of all the coast line fronting her. She entered the world war primarily to prevent the Germans from gaining control of Belgium and the Channel ports of France. Will she stand by calmly while Poincaré works the dissolution of Germany and the permanent establishment of French influence on the Rhine and the North Sea? Should we stand by calmly while even the friendliest foreign power secured a control of the West Indies that threatened our Gulf ports? Never in the world. If French policy in the Ruhr results in the dismemberment of Germany it must inevitably restore in England the old feeling that France is the hereditary enemy. France and England will intrigue against each other in the succession states that will be formed on German soil, and in the end they will fight.

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Impossible? In the spring of 1914 how many of us believed that England would fight Germany? The Germans no more believed that possible than the French do today. The Germans and English had been hostile for years. They built battleships against each other, but England and France are building air fleets against each other today. British and German interests had clashed in Turkey; British and French interests are clashing there today. German business policy was injurious to British trade, but by no means so injurious to it as French military policy is today.

A Franco-British conflict is not an impossibility; on the contrary it is a probability, if the French push their Ruhr policy to the point of German collapse. But what is that to us in America?

It is everything. It means the end of civilization if nations so lately associated in war must become bitter enemies as soon as victory has removed their common objective. It means that the "war to end war" has merely made war a chronic state.

It was American intervention that placed the Allies in a position to dictate the terms of peace. In view of the conflicting interests of the Allied powers, the responsibility assumed by America was a heavy one, a responsibility to the victors as well as to the vanquished. She has repudiated her responsibility to the vanquished. She has uttered no protest against what amounts to the levying of war against an unarmed population, against the confiscation of private property, against wholesale arrests and deportations. She has kept her mind on the war which is over, and eased her conscience with the assumption that all such acts of violence could be regarded as just punishment. But the issue is changing. It lies now not between our late enemies and our friends, but between our friends.

It is time for America to reconsider her responsibilities to Europe. It is not too late for energetic diplomatic intervention to open the way to a real peace.

Building Goes On

THE casual reader of the newspapers has probably gathered the impression that the recent building boom has collapsed, the demand for building construction having fallen off on account of an extraordinary increase in the wages of building mechanics, caused by the exorbitant demands of unions. If this were true, it would have important consequences to every one of us. It would mean that the housing shortage of war years was to become even more acute, with a corresponding rise of rents, and that the present era of prosperity would soon sag in an important corner, where it is supported by the large demand of the construction industry for raw materials and man power. Fortunately it is far from the truth, being one more example of the economic misinformation which is so easily spread by the press.

It is true that the permits issued for building, judged by the value of the projects, decreased markedly from March to April, and fell again by about twenty percent between April and May. But permits do not necessarily mean immediate building, and the number of dollars involved are not always a good measure of activity. The permits issued in March were abnormally high this year, as they were last, and the year's falling off from the March peak is no more alarming than last year's. The reason was the fear of builders in both years that the New York tax exemption laws would not cover permits issued after March. There was no falling off in actual construction last year to match the drop in permits granted, since March permits may be used at any subsequent time, and no falling off in actual construction has yet been noted this year.

A more reliable measure is the number of square feet covered by the contracts awarded. The fall in this measure was less than one percent from March to April, and only about six percent from April to May, for twenty-seven northeastern states, which include about three-quarters of the building of the country. The contracts awarded in May, 1923, called for 60,430,000 feet of floor space, against a monthly average of 47,745,000 feet in 1922, which was the largest previous year of building. The monthly average so far for 1923 is 54,087,000 square feet. Consequently, although the May contracts were slightly below the unprecedented figures of March and April, they were far above the normal level. Contractors would be lucky indeed if they could erect the projects at the rate of the May awarding.

The fact is that all during the spring the tangible demand for immediate building has been far ahead of the capacity of the industry, whether measured by labor supply, stocks of materials, or transportation facilities. In our economic order, the inevitable result of such a situation was to bring about a rapid rise of building costs. This rise, so far as it is reflected in statistics, is most marked in materials, and least marked in wages. If we had information on contractors' profits, they would probably show the greatest rise of all. Some of the wiser observers of the phenomenon saw that if it went on unchecked, inflation and a subsequent collapse were inevitable. They therefore advised holding up the less necessary projects in order to mitigate the demand and bring it down to a level somewhere nearer the capacity of the trade. Their agitation had some result, as may be seen in the contract figures. It is very doubtful whether the result has yet been sufficient to produce stabilization. And yet we see excited editors writing as if the very inflation and depression which these wise counsellors were trying to avoid had actually taken

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place as a consequence of their efforts. Even if counsels of caution prevail, no sudden collapse of building is likely for months to come. If they do not prevail, it is only because too many contracts are still being awarded for the industry to execute. In any case, there is enough work now in sight to keep the builders busy at top speed for the rest of this year.

What about the high wages of which we read so much and which, it is said, are frightening investors out of the market? What of the fifteen and eighteen dollars a day which it is said are being paid to workmen? There may be a few mechanics in certain crafts where temporary shortages exist who are receiving eighteen dollars a day—when they work full days. There probably are some who receive fifteen. But neither of these figures represents a scale written into an agreement; they result from competitive bidding of employers and will disappear the moment the demand for building lets up sufficiently to release enough workers to fill existing jobs. There is no scale higher than that of New York City bricklayers, who receive $1.50 an hour. That adds up to $12 for an eight-hour day. But bricklayers, like most of the other trades, are not paid by the day, and may be laid off at any moment if it rains, or if there is a shortage of material. They also have to look forward to the cold weather when seasonal slackness sets in. Plasterers, whose average employment is, according to the Federated Engineers' study of waste, 170 days a year, receive $12 for full days, but their yearly earnings come out at $2,040, which is an average of $8.03 for each of the 254 possible working days in a year. Painters, technically at $10 a day, really earn only $7.17 per day when the average number of days worked is considered.

The wages of some building crafts are more than double the 1914 scale, of others less than double. If an average could be struck, the increase would probably be between 100 and 115 percent. This is about the same as the increase of factory workers' wages over 1914. In both cases the rise in wages is larger than the rise in the cost of living—a gratifying condition which adds to the well-being of the industrial population, helps maintain prosperity by enlarging the purchasing power of the consumers, and can be sustained because of the great growth of national productivity. There is no likelihood of any new wage increases in the building trades for several months, since most of the contracts are signed and none terminate before January 1, 1924.

The chief danger comes from the continually rising prices of building materials. These are not stabilized by contract for a definite period as are wages. Although the general level of wholesale prices is not much more than sixty percent above 1914, building materials are, on the average, about 115 percent above. One of the most important, common brick, is about 250 percent above. They are not high enough yet to discourage the immediate demand for building. No doubt, however, the time will come when they will furnish prohibitive obstacles to a large enough proportion of investors to bring about a building depression. It has often happened before, and it may easily happen again. Unless some method can be found to adjust the demand to the supply, or to control the upward swing of prices in another way, we shall eventually have the periodic strike of investors. But the strike has not yet arrived, and such measures as have been taken are calculated to avert it. That index number of building materials prices is the proper barometer for the forecasters of business weather, and when it climbs too high, look for a storm.

Peace and Peace Seekers

EDWARD BOK'S offer of $100,000 for a "practicable" plan by which America can cooperate in procuring world peace does no less credit to his skill as publicist and student of social psychology than to his warmth of heart. Probably he is using $50,000 of his modest fortune to impress upon Americans his belief that the existing League of Nations offers the best hope of world peace; and the additional $50,000, to be paid when the United States Senate endorses the prize-winning plan, will remain in the donor's pocket. Mr. Bok has nevertheless enormously accelerated the discussion of America's policy toward Europe, which was already beginning to revive after our post-war years of apathy.

To the student of social psychology nothing is more fascinating than the mental processes of those advocates of various plans for world peace who will be the first to respond to Mr. Bok's offer. Roughly speaking, six main plans designed to prevent war are before the world today. They are worth a few words of separate description:

First, at least chronologically, comes the Covenant of the League of Nations, with its proposal for hearing international disputes before a supposedly impartial body representing various nations, its mechanism for calling the League's attention to any situation which threatens to result in armed conflict and its machinery for enforcing an economic blockade against a recalcitrant country which refuses to accept an otherwise unanimous decision.

Second, comes the plan which President Harding at one time claimed as his own great contribution to international amity—the scheme of frequent international conferences both to minimize the destructiveness of war through limitation of armament, and to reduce its likelihood by securing agreement in the form of written treaties, on points of discord between the nations.

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Third place on this list must be given to the World Court idea as it has been expounded by Secretary Hughes—the effort to make war less likely by better codification of international law and by providing elaborate machinery for legal adjudication of such international disputes as are subject to such treatment.

Fourth comes Lord Robert Cecil's plan for continental guarantees under which each continent (except Africa) would undertake to preserve peace within its own borders. Under this plan, American soldiers could never be called upon to fight in European quarrels—and vice versa. Any nation which resorted to arms for external aggression would automatically become the subject of a declaration of war by every other nation on that continent. To make it clear which nation had taken the offensive, demilitarized zones, perhaps fifty miles in width, would be created along all national boundaries. Sending troops into such a zone would be considered an act of hostile aggression.

The fifth plan, the proposal for the outlawry of war, has many points in common with that of Lord Robert, though its proponents for some curious reason refuse to recognize this and treat him as an opponent instead of an ally. All nations, under this scheme, would pass legislation making every act in connection with warfare an offence against the law. Legislators who voted to declare war, generals who conducted campaigns and soldiers who fought, would alike be treated as common criminals.

The sixth plan is that of the genuine pacifists who on moral grounds seek to prevent war by bringing about the refusal of large masses of the common people to cooperate in the enterprise in any way.

Since the devotees of all these plans are seeking to obtain a common object, it is curious and striking to note how hostile they are to one another. Like warring religious sects, which devote more attention to warfare among themselves than to fighting the devil, the advocates of the outlawry of war, for instance, seem literally more concerned that salvation shall come by their method than that it shall come at all. Followers of each of these six plans (with, of course, a few intelligent exceptions) seem convinced that for any of the other ideas to succeed would in some way militate against the ultimate cause of world peace.

Yet it must be obvious to all intelligent people upon reflection that this is not true. None of these plans is actually incompatible with any of the others. If humankind were motivated by pure logic, the various peace efforts would probably be consolidated into one unanimous attempt to advance simultaneously along all six of these paths and every other practicable route to what is, after all, a common goal. Unhappily, human nature does not operate by logic, and the worthy souls who are seeking to do away with war's horrors share this universal frailty.

We may take it for granted that they all sincerely desire peace—as indeed the majority of all men probably do. But it is the world's tragedy that no one has the attaining of peace as his primary purpose. With President Harding, minimizing the likelihood of war is secondary to his desire to preserve the Republican party intact for the campaign of 1924. For Senator Borah, it is secondary to the wish to maintain his position as perennial iconoclast. To men as diverse as Lodge and Johnson, it is secondary to that most compelling of all human impulses, the desire to "save face", to maintain a consistent record, to conceal as much as possible the fact that in the past they have been pitiably, abjectly wrong.

This fault, to be sure, is not peculiar to America. It is found equally among the statesmen of all nations, among editors, educators, soldiers. It should hardly be necessary to point out that as long as our leaders remain in this attitude of mind, the likelihood of effective international cooperation for peace must continue to be very small.

World amity, if it is ever achieved at all, will be the most "artificial" and difficult experiment in the history of mankind. There can be no hope of attaining it, certainly, until the public opinion of the chief nations has been aroused so that the average man feels a passionate resentment at being ordered to go and die because of some politician's incompetence—a type of resentment now felt by only a few tender-minded people. To achieve this will require a campaign of education so enormous, so long continued and expensive that the stoutest heart may well quail at the prospect. This huge task will require the cooperation of every element in the community which hates war and believes a better way must be found. Liberalism has, and can have, no more important task than the effort to bring into harmony the groups which are hampering their own efforts by stubborn insistence on one particular road to salvation, in the vain expectation that the cause of peace may be advanced by war among its friends.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Struggle for Mosul's Oil

ALTHOUGH the discussion of financial and juridical questions by the Lausanne Peace Conference has overshadowed the important problem of the Mosul oil fields, recent events behind the scenes of the conference have given a new angle to this issue, which will soon affect considerably the economic policy of the United States.

It is due to the intricacy of the Mosul question, as well as to the smoke screen of international propaganda and intrigue with which it has been surrounded, that the American public is but little aware of the problem's paramount importance to the economic welfare and political relations of their country. This is all the more true because both the political nature of the issue and its most important technical details are hardly known except by a small circle of experts who, being themselves interested parties in the conflict, are anxious to withhold from the public any "inside" information on the subject.

Mosul Oil a Misnomer

When we speak about the "Mosul oil," we are using a superficial term, for, though the immediate neighborhood of Mosul, the most important city of northern Mesopotamia, is enormously rich in oil, deposits of the precious material are to be found throughout Mesopotamia, Kurdistan and northeastern Asia Minor.

Our knowledge of the oil wells of southern Mesopotamia is restricted to the deposits of Om Gir and Kuweit, by the Persian Gulf, and to a few submarine wells at Kuweit. Important discoveries of oil, asphalt and bitumen have been recorded at Hit, Nasrieh, Ramadi and Nafata—all located by the Euphrates; but the bulk of the Mesopotamian oil fields is situated in the northern and northeastern part of the country known as Kurdistan. Mosul is the principal city of this region, and its neighborhood is particularly rich in oil, sulphur and coal. Thus, to the south of the town, and by the river Tigris, we encounter the renowned field of Gayara, the richest part of the Mesopotamian oil region. The oil wells of Gayara spread over a very large area, and their product is at least equal, if not superior in quality to the well known oil of Baku. Other important wells of this zone are situated at Nimrud. Kerkuk, about ninety-five miles to the southeast of Mosul, has several rich deposits, and also a well of natural gas, known to the population for many centuries under the flowery name of Abu Geger, or "the father of petroleum." There are wells at Kifri, Tuz-Khurmati and Kend-i-Shirin, and one at Guil, not far from Kerkuk. Other oil fields have been found around Mendeli and in the neighborhood of Suleimanieh. Most of them are located in the spurs of the Djebel Hamrin, which, in turn, is the western continuation of the Pusht-i-Kuh group in Persia, and it is an established fact today that this long string of mountains, extending from Kurdistan far into western Persia, is one of the richest oil territories in the world.

It is little known, however, that northern Kurdistan, which has been under Turkish occupation since 1918, is an oil region equal in abundance to Mesopotamia. It has successfully resisted all attempts at being drawn into the Mesopotamian mandate, and may develop into an oil Klondike. The deposit of Zakho, in particular, promises to become one of enormous value.

All economic considerations in connection with the large oil territory between the Black Sea and the Persian Gulf, however, relate to the future only, for the present condition of the oil fields, as well as the methods of their exploitation, have remained unchanged through thousands of years. The oil wells of Mesopotamia are merely so many simple, shallow pits. The "exploitation" is carried out by the inhabitants of the adjacent villages, the oil being used only in their households. You could call it a "home industry." While the crude oil is transported on donkey and camel back, it is removed from the wells by villagers who descend into the pit, generally six to eight feet deep, and dip goatskin sacks, buckets or cups into the oil. Some actually use palm leaves and even the hollow hand.

Modern Piping Methods

With the introduction of modern working methods, however, the Tigris and the Euphrates will provide excellent possibilities of transport, and pipe lines will connect the oil fields and refineries with the principal harbors. It was stated some time ago that the Anglo-Persian Oil Company plans the construction of a pipe line leading from its oil fields in Persia to the Mediterranean harbor of Haifa in Palestine. The cost involved was estimated at $50,000,000. Optimists consider five years the minimum time, and $35,000,000 the minimum investment in connection with the machinery, means of transportation, and other work necessary for an up-to-date exploitation of the Mosul oil region.

If these figures did not deter the British and American oil interests from their efforts to gain control of the oil production of this territory, it was due to the precedent furnished by the oil fields of Persia, whose product and geologic structure show a striking resemblance to those of their Mesopotamian counterparts. And as for the abundance of the Persian oil deposits, suffice it to mention that the field of Maidan-i-Naftun alone has a productive

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capacity of 4,000,000 tons per year, and that a single well in this field had an output of half-a-million tons in 1917.

In these circumstances, it is clear that the oil fields of Kurdistan and Mesopotamia necessarily became the coveted gambits of international diplomacy. Ever since 1913, a desperate struggle for their possession has been in progress.

It began with the foundation of the "Turkish Petroleum Company." This concern was organized by the British before the World War. In return for the right to construct the Bagdad-Basrah stretch of the Bagdad Railway—a concession wrested from the Germans by British diplomacy—the English gave Germany twenty-five percent of the shares in the company, while another twenty-five percent was held by Dutch oil interests. The company entered into negotiations with the Turkish government regarding the concession to exploit the oil wells of Kurdistan. The Sublime Porte was represented in these negotiations by Hakki Pasha, then Turkish ambassador to Germany, but the outbreak of the World War interrupted the conversations before any agreement had been made.

Downing Street's Claims

Since the armistice of 1918, the oil fields of Kurdistan have been under British occupation, and they were recently incorporated in the British-controlled "Kingdom of Irak." At the San Remo conference, England and France agreed that the latter would obtain the twenty-five percent of the Turkish Petroleum Company's stock formerly held by the Germans. The repeated démarches of the State Department, however, made it clear to the British Foreign Office that America could not be left out of the exploitation of the Mosul oil fields. For a while Downing Street tried to uphold its alleged claim to the rights of exploitation, by referring to the pre-war conversations between the Turkish Petroleum Company and the Ottoman government. The Lloyd George Cabinet had to effect a change of front, however, when it became clear that the British contention was unfounded.

This was strongly emphasized by Talaat Pasha, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, Djemal Pasha and other Turkish statesmen, in interviews I had with them, and I received a minute account of the Turco-British pre-war negotiations, as well as a particularly strong denial of the British claim, from Mahmoud Pasha, Ottoman Minister of Public Works at the time of the negotiations in question, and therefore the most competent Turkish authority on the subject.

Downing Street's new policy in regard to the Mosul oil became apparent last autumn, when English advances made to the United States led to an agreement between the British and the British-controlled Dutch oil interests, on the one hand, and the Standard Oil, the Sinclair, the Gulf Company and other prominent American oil companies, on the other. It was agreed that the British, Dutch and American concerns would exploit the Mosul fields together, the American groups obtaining twenty-five percent of the stock.

This equation would have offered a faultless solution, but for one unknown factor: the attitude of the new Turkish government, which held an uncomfortably effective trump card in the form of an army of 50,000 perfectly equipped men, under the leadership of Djevad Pasha, of Gallipoli fame, and stationed at Diarbekr, the strategic key to the Mosul territory. The diplomats of Europe would have been untrue to their time-honored principles, had they not immediately exchanged the self-conscious grandezza of the makers of modern geography, for the less imposing, but more useful rôle of the suave negotiator. And they negotiated.

The international game of "blind man's buff" began. The Turks included the Mosul oil rights in the Chester concessions, although they knew that this particular grant was of no practical value as long as the national status of the British-held Mosul region was not established. But the Angora government wished to intimidate the British into a more conciliatory attitude at Lausanne, and Angora achieved its object.

Britain not only gave up its violent anti-Turkish policy, but even joined the group of concession-seekers in Turkey. The understanding between England and Turkey was facilitated by the disappointment throughout the Turkish land at the secrecy maintained about the identity of the real backers of the Chester-Goethals group. This time, the Turco-British conversations—carried on behind the scenes of the Lausanne Conference—centred around the Bagdad Railway, Turkey's main economic artery. The outcome of the negotiations was the recent sale, to a British group, of the controlling interest in the Bagdad Railway.

A Step towards Peace

This deal has an enormous international significance, which will become apparent only after the conclusion of the Lausanne Conference; its main features, however, are discernible already, and may be of interest to American readers.

First, the Bagdad Railway agreement overrides those items in the Chester concessions which concern the exploitation of the oil of Mosul; second, England will give up her suicidal attitude of annoying Turkey, owing to the risk of estranging her own Moslem subjects, and will revert to her traditional pro-Mohammedan policy; third, the Turkish treasury will undoubtedly receive a considerable British loan, which is a better investment for England than the millions she put into the Greek army of invasion; and last, but not least, there is now a basis for the satisfactory coordination of American, British and Turkish interests in the intricate question of the Mosul oil.

EDWARD J. BING.

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The Farmer-Labor Fiasco at Chicago

IN the summer of 1920 the demand for political action independent of the two major parties led to the assembling of two conventions in Chicago. One represented the Labor party, which had been founded a few years before by the Chicago Federation of Labor and had extended itself somewhat by branches. The other was composed of various groups assembled under the aegis of the Committee of Forty-eight. Their purpose was to form a new national party, Liberal and Labor. For two days and nights a joint committee on platform struggled toward unity and had secured ninety percent of it when the will to unite would no longer be denied. The convention of the Committee of Forty-eight left its comfortable home in the Morrison Hotel and marched with banners to throw itself into the arms of Labor. But Carmen's Hall is a bleak, inhospitable place; the seats are hard and the acoustic properties do not lend themselves to Liberal voices. Moreover, the Labor delegates who had been scenting the battle in the platform committee from afar, proceeded to behave as if their new allies were the foe they had gone out to seek. After a thorough parliamentary pounding the Committee of Forty-eight returned to the Morrison Hotel, gave birth to one or two little political parties (still-born), and became thenceforth barren. The Labor party changed its name to Farmer-Labor; but after the enthusiasm of its victory over the Liberals it found itself about where it was before.

Last week the same demand for independent political action led to the assembling in Chicago of similar differentiated groups. They came at the invitation of the Farmer-Labor party, and numbered some 440, including delegates from the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the Maintenance of Way Men, the Mine Workers (45), the Machinists (28), the Workman's Circle (32), and various farmers' organizations (81). But as once before when the sons of God assembled, Satan came with them. The Workers' party, which is the stage name of the Communists, took control of proceedings as soon as the convention got down to business, and organized a new party—the Federated Farmer-Labor party. In short, they did to the Farmer-Labor party what the Farmer-Labor party did to the Committee of Forty-eight. To complete the parallel, the Farmer-Labor party retired to its tents, and after salving its wounds with the great emollient of talk, it refused to elect members to the executive committee of the new party. It will remain as a local organization, but it is past the stage of child-bearing. The Federated Famer-Labor party includes, on paper, certain state groups of the Farmer-Labor party and the trade union bodies mentioned above. Whether these continue in the alliance remains to be seen.

What special form of insanity afflicted the Farmer-Labor party and how did it get that way? That is a long story. A year and a half ago a conference met at Chicago composed of groups in favor of independent political action, of which the Farmer-Labor party was one. Last December this conference met again at Cleveland. The directing force was furnished by the railroad unions, and this fact, with the disposition of the gathering to rely on bloc action in Congress, led to the suspicion that it was merely representing Gompers' political principle—"Reward your friends and punish your enemies." The Farmer-Labor party, which had already fought a national campaign, found its position impossible and withdrew. By this withdrawal it was logically forced to try to unite the more aggressive groups, especially the Workers' party, whose delegates the Cleveland conference had refused to seat.

In the thrifty New England of my boyhood it used to be the custom for a child with a birthday to give a party, to which many guests would be invited to play about the yard or barn. As the afternoon wore on certain of them would be seen to draw apart from the rest, and gradually vanish into the house, where they would later appear at the windows ostentatiously eating ice cream, licking their chops and thrusting out long tongues at those outside. The only thing for the rejected to do was to organize a swimming party or start a fire, something which would cause the preferred guests to rush from the house, their portable viands in their hands, forgetting to say goodby to the hostess. This is what happened at Chicago except that the less welcome guests came into the house and carried off the ice cream as well as the company. The Farmer-Labor party had in mind to call simultaneously a convention of its own and a conference of others, but the invitations got mixed and when the credentials committee met it accepted everybody for everything. It was then too late for Brother John Fitzpatrick to cry out against the "alien thing which had injected itself into this situation." The Workers' party merely looked injured and replied: "You invited us." When reproached with their activity in securing delegates from various unions they retorted: "Didn't you want us to make your party a success?"

The convention met on July 3rd and listened to appropriate keynote speeches from John Fitzpatrick, ex-Senator Pettigrew and Mother Jones. As soon as the convention passed into the conference, Comrade Joseph Manley of the Workers' party moved to form a new party, the Federated Farmer-Labor party, and appoint committees on organization and program. The Farmer-Labor

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managers should have instructed the chairman to rule this motion out of order. From their point of view a national party of farm and industrial workers was already in existence—they were it—and the only question for the conference to consider was whether or not to affiliate with it. Perhaps, however, this would have led to a riot. When, later on, the chairman showed a disposition to adjourn at one o'clock according to the rule adopted, Comrade Manley leaped on a table and prepared to put the motion himself. The Workers' party was in full control. Over its own delegates its discipline was perfect. Always in the same seats, responsible to the same captains, the rank and file went through their evolutions without a break. Sister Lillian Herstein had almost won the conference to an amendment postponing the setting up of a new party, by a story of an electric washing-machine, perfect but useless because the help was afraid of being electrocuted. Question was called for. The chair recognized Comrade Foster on a point of information. "I don't want information. I wanted to speak against the amendment," said Foster innocently. With an expression of conscious intelligence on their faces the majority voted No. Perhaps the best evidence of discipline in the ranks of the Workers' party was the fact (which is really true) that Comrade Bob Minor did not speak.

The Farmer-Labor delegates were throughout in an impossible position. When the program committee reported, there was nothing into which opponents could set their teeth. A federal law for the eight-hour day, a law for compensation for unemployment, a child labor law, a living wage law, a compulsory education law, the soldiers' bonus, a workers' insurance law, a maternity insurance law—law for everything and everybody, and such a complete summary of ameliorative proposals that it reads like a satire. When the Farmer-Labor leaders tried to insinuate a fear of the red peril, the Workers' party demanded to know what was red in giving a working mother a month's pay before and after childbirth. When the former questioned the sincerity of the program Comrade Ruthenberg confessed frankly that there were many things in it of which, as an economist, he disapproved, but declared that since the demand of the working class was for ameliorative legislation he would go along. His gesture of conversion to political action was complete. But granting its sincerity the hosts of the occasion felt that the proper seats for repentant sinners were below the salt, not in the high places.

In such a situation it was inevitable that the Farmer-Labor party should appear on the floor of the conference as a grudging and suspicious dog in the manger. There was, however, a reason in its attitude which it could not put forward effectively. The feeling on the part of trade unionists like Fitzpatrick and Brophy that a labor party dominated by Communists could not succeed was very genuine. Whatever credit may be given these latter for conversion to political methods, the memory of the Left Wing Manifesto is too recent and the connection with Moscow too close to permit a successful appeal to farmers or unions. To quote Fitzpatrick: "If the Workers' party is connected with the movement it is dead." Moreover, Fitzpatrick had initiated the Labor party against the will of the chiefs of the A. F. of L. He had put behind it his influence and power as President of the Chicago Federation of Labor. The passing of the party under Communist control lays him open to renewed attack from the hierarchy, and for him to continue with that party would be suicide. It was largely personal loyalty to the founder of the party which animated the group of Farmer-Labor delegates who in their pathetic rump convention refused to join the Federated.

On the other hand it is open to the Workers' party to retort that the Farmer-Labor party itself never got to the unions, that it had three years since the last campaign to build itself up and continued to be a shell and a shadow, that it was time for it to be cast aside. It still remains for them to demonstrate their ability to do what the Farmer-Labor party failed to do—to organize the vast number of men and women suffering from the injustice and discrimination of government into a compact body which will effectively oppose by the ballot such exploitation as we have recently witnessed under both parties. If they can do this, well and good. But they must be prepared to meet the suspicion that they are not really interested in politics, that what they want is a small, compact, highly disciplined party to act as a nucleus for propaganda and education, and that so far from seeking success at the polls they would be better pleased with failure as a demonstration of the futility of constitutional methods. This is not what the farmers and workers mean by "a party of their own." And further the Communists must expect this suspicion of their good faith to be increased by their recent action at Chicago. The behavior of the Farmer-Labor party in regard to the Committee of Forty-eight was natural and human. It was bad manners and bad politics, but it carried no suggestion of bad faith. But to find the Communists proceeding in the same way is disconcerting. It is hard to admit bad strategy on the part of such clever tacticians.

It is possible that the Communists were momentarily deceived by the radical spirit of the conference. It was composed in large part of men who felt that they had wrongs and were bitterly determined to redress them. It was easy to set such a gathering aflame with aggressive language, and moderate counsels fell on deaf ears. When the Farmer-Labor leaders tried to fix the issue on the use of force and violence to bring about political change they got their answer. "I should know something about direct action," said Brother (or

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Comrade) Shoemaker of Wisconsin. "I was mobbed, tarred and feathered nine times during the war. The Republicans and Democrats don't believe in force and violence. They practise it." In such a gathering the emissaries of the Ford movement found little comfort. When a telegram was read from Idaho recommending Ford to favorable notice the chairman observed: "As I look into the faces of these delegates I think it would be as popular to talk of Henry Ford for President as to propose him for mayor of Jerusalem."

It is certain, however, as the Communists themselves admit, that Labor as a whole is conservative. It is no less certain that Labor will be drawn into effective political action only through its economic organization. It would seem to follow that the logical place for a labor party to start is in the unions. The British Labor party is constantly cited as a model for the United States, but there is this fundamental difference: in Great Britain the chiefs of the great organizations of labor are in and of the party; in the United States, for reasons which should be obvious, they prefer to jockey between the two major parties and use their power to contribute to our bi-partisan confusion and corruption. In this matter they disregard the wishes of the rank and file. The United Miners voted to recognize the Farmer-Labor party, but their leaders took no notice of the mandate. If the industrial workers want independent political action they can have it by turning out their present representatives, from Tim Murphy and Umbrella Mike Boyle to Lewis and Gompers—and thus incidentally prove themselves worthy of political responsibility. It may be that a political party set up in vacuo will be an inspiration to this end. But it is rather to be feared that Communist leadership in such a movement will merely give the old trade union hierarchy another lease of life and postpone the process which is precedent to any fruitful political action on the part of Labor—the casting out of the devils by which it is possessed.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Negro Comes North

TO understand the present migration of southern Negroes to the North, one must go back to the spring of 1919, when there was a great shortage of industrial labor in the North. To alleviate the situation in Connecticut some eight hundred Negro students were conscripted to man its tobacco industry, and in a short time they had demonstrated their usefulness as skilled and unskilled workers. With the rigorous limitations placed on foreign immigration, these Negro workers were very welcome. Psychologically the effect, not only upon the northern employer, but—and this is the key to the situation—on the cotton-picking Negroes of the South, was electrical.

Statistics show that in a few months the increase of Negro migration jumped from 850—the normal influx—to 12,000 in a single month. Then the Chicago stock yards advertised for 50,000 Negro laborers. Chartering the Illinois Central for transportation, the Negroes, dropping hoe and shovel, hastily answered the call. That event marked the real beginning of the 1916-1918 migration. It swept from Chicago to Detroit, the colored population of which city was increased four hundred percent. Tales of the glory of work and high wages to be obtained in the North drifted back to the Negroes in the South. For weeks the Chicago Defender, a Negro weekly, carried across the top of its front page in bold-face type the magic sign: "Come on up North. Why Stay Down South?" Colorful descriptions of rides in Pullmans, of an equal measure of economic opportunity, plus a kind of nebulous mob fear, literally precipitated an emotional upheaval in Dixieland.

Altogether in the 1916-1918 boom 450,000 Negroes came North, 200,000 of whom in all probability remained, although it is difficult to give actual statistics on the extent of the move. The government estimates that 150,000 Negroes have come North since November 30th; Negro investigators put the number at 240,260. The emigrants travel not individually, but in small unorganized groups, and their principal destinations seem to be Youngstown and Cleveland, Ohio; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Hartford, Waterbury and Bridgeport, Connecticut; and New York. It is significant to note that the newcomers are not just illiterate greenhorns, but Negroes mentally and financially above the average.

Racial factors, as much as economic motives, have been responsible for the tremendous migration of the Negro to the North, for the treatment which he has been receiving from the southern white man has been making it literally every hour more undesirable and impossible for him to remain in the South. In sections of the South, where the Negro has gained control of corporations, banks, insurance and real estate companies, which represent the group investment of Negroes to the amount of millions of dollars, lynchings and race riots and the reign of mob terror are so much in the air that it needs only slight persuasion for the Negro to pack up, sell out and move North.

But on coming North, new problems confront him. In the South he is liked as an individual and proscribed as a group. In the North the situation is reversed, while, in addition, there are certain civic, political and educational responsibilities

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which he must learn to shoulder. The encouragement of interracial cooperation is greatly needed. If the Negro is to supplant the white immigrant labor, he should be allowed to enjoy the benefits that labor unions extend to foreign white workingmen, for the Negro is, after all, a staple American product with the soul and genius of a workman.

The Negro should remember in coming to the North where he hopes to find equal opportunity for white and black alike, that which has been so ably stated by Mr. Phil H. Brown, Commissioner of Conciliation in the United States Department of Labor, who is himself a colored man. He says: "Negro labor is about to have its real day in court, an opportunity to vindicate itself and its industrial value to the country. The crisis is double-edged, for in the same degree that it benefits those who migrate it will help those who remain at home. But this labor must never lose sight of the fact that it is on trial, and its defence and liberty are left in its own hands."

ERIC D. WALROND.

Russia—1923

IV. Agriculture

THE decay of Russian agriculture after the outbreak of the Great War may be traced to various causes. The mobilization of seventeen million men and two million horses during the first three years of the war, was in itself a very serious loss to agriculture, and their transport, together with all the provisions necessary to maintain them on the various fronts, monopolized the railways and waterways, and soon led to a reduction of the area under cultivation. In addition came the stoppage in imports of machinery and implements which were indispensable for successful farming. Added to this came the Bolshevik administration and the civil wars, when the richest provinces in Russia and the Ukraine were trampled under foot and ravaged by the various armies, as they in turn made their victorious advances. Next, came the terrible drought in the summer of 1921, which scorched up the valley of the Volga, the lands to the east and the southern Ukraine, and dealt such a staggering blow to Russia's agriculture that it would unavoidably have caused an appalling catastrophe if the Russian authorities and the foreign relief organizations had not partially averted the disaster. It should not be forgotten that the Soviet government actually sent nearly 600,000 tons of grain to the famine districts in the autumn of 1921 and the spring of 1922. At the present time Russian agriculture, though still gravely crippled, is recovering little by little, and I am convinced that if it receives really adequate help it will eventually become even more highly developed than it was before the Great War.

An interesting League of Nations report on the Economic Condition of Russia describes in striking fashion the terrible decline of Russian agriculture during the Great War and the civil wars. This report is one of the few foreign economic publications concerning Russia which is inspired by a desire to understand the facts and to describe them objectively. It is deserving of notice that most of the statistics showing the decline in production during recent years were published by, or officially sent to my representatives in Russia by the Soviet authorities, who openly acknowledge the gravity of the situation.

I will quote here only one statistical table showing the reduction of the area sown and of the grain harvest.

GRAIN IN RUSSIA
(*Excluding the Caucasus and Turkestan*)

	Acres sown in millions of hectares*	Crops in millions of tons
1916	90.8	65.9
1920	62.5	28.9
1921	54.0	26.9
1922	49.5	33.6

The decrease in the number of acres sown between 1921 and 1922, in spite of the new economic policy, is due to the famine caused by the awful drought in 1921 in the Volga regions and in the southern Ukraine.

I believe, however, that the noticeable improvement which the harvest of 1922 has made in the situation is even more striking than appears from the table. The harvest in the Ukraine, for instance, was only one half of what the official statistics state, although their figures for the total harvest of the year 1921 do not go higher than 26.9 million tons. If the figures for 1921 were still lower than the table indicates, it is not surprising that last year's harvest, even though it was not much over one half of a normal harvest, has nevertheless effected a great improvement in the food situation in Russia.

After having endeavored to restore economic life in Russia by favoring industry, the Soviet government has evidently reached a full understanding of the decisive importance of agriculture. In 1921 the Russian peasant was granted the right to dispose of the fruits of his labor. But the war, revolution, and famine have weakened and impoverished him, and deprived him of the implements for his work. His producing power, and consequently

* 1 hectare = 2½ acres.

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his purchasing power also, have largely diminished. As the peasantry form sixty percent of the Russian people, it is easy to see that the peasants' poverty prevents the reconstruction of industry, which is unable to sell what it produces. It is well worth while to study closely the conditions under which European and Asiatic Russia's hundred million peasants exist. To bring fresh life to the vast Russian and Siberian steppes, to restore relations between the great peasant populations of the East and the over-industrialized nations of Central and Western Europe, would obviously affect the international economic equilibrium in a manner needing no demonstration.

Putting the Peasant on His Feet

The true strength of the Russian government is the fact that it has allowed the peasants to obtain possession of the land. According to the Land law which has just been made public, the land is the property of the state, and the peasants have neither the right to sell it or mortgage it. But the Russian peasant is no lawyer, and provided he is sure that he can keep his "isba" (farm-house) and his fields until his death, that his children will have the prior right to the family property, and that he can sell his harvest as he likes, after paying the tax in kind, he does not worry much about whether he has only the use of the land or really owns it. Moreover the Land law leaves the municipalities the right to choose between the system of periodical division of the land which was formerly usual in the villages, and the lasting right of cultivation that I have just mentioned.

The division of the land has reduced agricultural production by breaking up the large estates where the soil was more scientifically cultivated and where the crop per hectare was considerably in excess of what it was on the land tilled by the peasants, but I believe that this decline is only temporary, and that a considerable increase in aggregate production will come without restoring the large estates. Russian agriculture is so extensive and in general so utterly primitive that comparatively small improvements in methods and in implements will have a great effect on the total amount of the yield.

As a preliminary to making any forecast concerning the development of agriculture in Russia, one must take account of the *human factor*, the psychology of the country population. Like all peasants the Russian peasant is a practical man. He has fought fiercely to conquer the soil, and the soil is his livelihood. He is ready to put as much work into it as will suffice to satisfy his wants. But whereas the farmer elsewhere is an enterprising individual, comparatively well educated, and taking an important part in the public life of his country, the Russian peasant under the Empire was kept in a state of ignorance and extreme misery. Weighed down by taxation, he had no hope of improving his position and thus he passed his life in unrelieved poverty.

Now that the revolution has given the peasant land which he may farm methodically and enterprisingly, he must be encouraged to improve his standard of life and must at the same time be given the means of doing so. It is not enough, therefore, to supply him with machines and seed-corn. It is necessary to help him to improve his house, to build schools, to develop the ambition of the country population. At the same time the sale of agricultural produce at home and abroad must be reorganized; for it stands to reason that the peasant will not increase his production unless he can sell it conveniently and profitably.

Recognizing the impossibility of Russia's economic restoration until the great peasant population recovers its purchasing power, the Russian authorities have just appointed a committee, M. Kalinin informs me, to furnish the peasants with credit. It is composed of representatives of the commissariats of agriculture, finance, industry, and foreign trade, and of the State Bank, the Central Council of National Economy, the Cooperative Bank, and the central cooperative organizations themselves. The chairman is the representative of the Pan-Russian Central Executive Committee.

Farm Banks for Russia

Its object is to create a large number of small country banks, to which the State Bank and the Commissariat of Agriculture will give a credit of twenty million gold roubles. The cooperatives' bank and the state institutions and private individuals interested in agriculture will also participate financially in these banks. The peasant-cooperatives and peasants who put money into them will enjoy certain privileges, such as being allowed to postpone the payment of the tax in kind and to receive interest at the rate of three percent calculated in gold value. The credit given by these banks is limited to a maximum of five years, and is intended to help the peasant buy agricultural machines, live stock, seeds, and fodder. The deposits and loans will both be in paper money, but calculated in gold value. The government will guarantee the operations of the new institutions.

It is important to note that many institutions for granting agricultural credit are actually being formed in Russia, and that the peasants themselves are striving to improve their position. The peasant cooperatives, which have preserved the principle of voluntary membership, are very active organizations. Their object is to arrange for the sale of agricultural produce, and to procure for the peasantry whatever they require.

In spite of these signs of recovery, the position of agriculture as a whole in Russia is still very bad. Improvement is especially difficult in the famine districts, where the inhabitants have too often lost the courage and energy that are neces-

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sary. Having sold everything last year to escape death, and being without the live stock indispensable for farming the land, the peasants have often sunk into a state of dangerous despair. If our help is confined to sending them food, they will get into the habit of being helped and will become idlers. What is needed is to give them the means to work, to transform relief into work for economic reconstruction.

It is vital that the Russian peasant should not get an impression that foreigners are trying to take the land away from him. I do not anticipate any great results from foreign cultivation of Russian land so long as the country's general economic life remains unsound. But when in time foreign opinion gains confidence in the Russian peasantry, and gives credits to its representatives for purchases of machinery, seed-corn, and insect-killers, and when the Soviet government can simplify the bureaucratic organization which still separates Russian agriculture from foreign capital, a cooperation profitable to both sides will at length become possible.

Without foreign help the recovery of Russian agriculture will take a long time and will involve enormous sacrifices. When I recently drew the attention of M. Kalinin, president of the Pan-Russian Central Executive Committee, to the destructive effect on foreign opinion produced by the export of Russian grain, he answered that the Russian government desired nothing more than to keep the whole harvest of 1922 to supply the famine districts. He himself anticipated that the number of persons needing relief would rise to nearly five millions before next summer; and to feed them all is a task far beyond the power of the Russian authorities. "But," he declared, "what we are exporting is a minimum, forced upon us by the absolute needs of agriculture. We export especially fodder, a little bran, selected oats, first quality wheat, etc. Our agriculture must really procure gold *at all costs*. Last year it bought insect-killers at a cost of 3 million gold roubles, which have enabled 2 million dessiatins (about 5,000,000 acres) of cultivated land to be saved. Russia also has to buy annually 18 million gold roubles' worth of vegetable seeds, clover seed, etc. This seed renders possible a harvest far exceeding in nutritive value that represented by the corresponding value in grain. Even from the point of view of the famine it is entirely in our interest to export a limited quantity of grain, in order to import vegetable seeds. It is a question of bartering grain for products which are in the highest degree necessities. If our agriculture only had gold, it would like nothing better than still to restrain the export of grain this year."

From the point of view of the famine this explanation is only valid so long as the Soviet government really cannot export gold without seriously damaging the economic life of the country. Personally I believe that Russia's financial position is in reality exceedingly difficult. In my opinion, therefore, the barter in question ought not to stop philanthropic relief. If normal cooperation is restored the Russian peasant will not long remain a debtor to foreign capital, and it will not take long to set in motion regular distribution with properly organized channels of exchange.

FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

[This is the fourth of a series of articles by Dr. Nansen on present conditions in Russia. The fifth will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.]

Grace Abbott of Nebraska

JUST four times in a half century of history has the National Conference of Social Work elected a woman president. It is more than a coincidence that three of them, Miss Jane Addams, Miss Julia Lathrop, and last of all, Miss Grace Abbott, have been residents of Hull House. That famous establishment in the heart of Chicago's congestion has a way of attracting young people who subsequently become leaders. Thus W. L. Mackenzie King, the present Liberal Premier of Canada, lived at Miss Addams's settlement for a while during his student days.

This fact is interesting, for without the Hull House background it is a fair guess that the 4,187 delegates who celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the National Conference of Social Work recently at Washington might not have chosen this young Nebraskan as their chieftain. The secret of what the women whose character and taste made the house in Halsted Street an international institution, imparted to Grace Abbott may possibly be gleaned from Miss Lathrop's dictum that female reformers must be careful about their hats. Hull House taught its workers how to buy hats and all that goes with them.

This is no base achievement. If woman suffrage had taken to the decorations of the Rue de la Paix instead of mannish shirts and starched collars, the triumph of the Nineteenth Amendment might not have been so long coming. It is real accomplishment to show that a becoming frock is not incompatible with a fervent desire for social justice. Hull House communicated these verities to the somewhat austere daughter of a family of New England abolitionists who had been driven by the pioneer's destiny to make a home in the great corn belt.

The Grace Abbott who is now chief of the

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Children's Bureau, American representative on one of the humanitarian committees created by the League of Nations and now president of the organized social workers of the country, is a cosmopolitan person. She brought good gifts out of the Middle West and they have taken on a high lustre from use.

The same Nebraska which turned out the "Boy Orator of the Platte" produced this scholarly woman. The populist movement was seething through the prairies when she was a child and she was early imbued with the idea that the humble man was not getting quite a square deal in the scheme of American life, but instead of taking a premature fling at agitation and oratory she went in for philosophy and the blue books of British Royal Commissions. As a result she learned to read, an accomplishment Mr. Bryan unhappily never mastered.

I suppose Grace Abbott's most solid enjoyment comes from the intellectual mastery of vast amounts of details essential to the understanding of some appealing human cause. For diversion she reads such books as The Village Laborer, or some of the Webbs' light literature, goes to the movies, or takes long walks in the country. There is no touch of the superficial or the dilettante about her. Grace Abbott is the representative of the Harding administration on The Advisory Committee on Traffic in Women and Children of the League of Nations because years ago she did more work than was customary on a college course. Commissioned to make an inquiry among immigrants she uncovered an appalling list of abuses resulting from the exploitation of aliens and incidentally exposed the Chicago end of an international traffic in prostitutes. She never forgot this early campaign and accordingly when the time of genuine international cooperation appeared she was naturally chosen to represent the United States in a League of Nations enterprise which not even the most hardened isolationists can successfully oppose.

The business of the Children's Bureau is to advance the interests of American infants and children, and to this congenial task Miss Abbott is directing her energies. In the natural course of her various duties she has become an effective public speaker. The fine art of persuading large audiences to accept new ideas she has pursued with success. Before an assemblage she is a striking figure. Her voice used to be a bit high, perhaps from embarrassment. Experience has subdued the timbre of the prairies until now she has the pleasantly modulated tones of the practised speaker.

The flashing eyes suggest Bryan and the straight nose is early Roman. At the crossroads between youth and middle life, she has added weight to the lean lines of girlhood. A rather solid figure stands out, head thrown back, but not defiantly. For the gift of humor which made Grace Abbott the "Tomboy Taylor" of Grand Island, Nebraska, is very much alive in the feminist of today and where there is gaiety there may be sympathetic understanding even for the frailties of the enemy.

Every Cromwell should have a wart on his nose, and the dour characteristics of this energetic young woman should be portrayed. It is difficult for her friends to recall them. The worst her enemies have said cropped out during the fight for the enforcement of the Federal Child Labor law. Miss Abbott was active in inspecting those cotton mills which like to take their profits out of the employment of little children. During that rather acrid controversy the representative of the North Carolina textile manufacturers insisted that she was a meddlesome old maid. Perhaps she was. At any rate the United States Supreme Court took much the same view when it declared the anti-child labor laws unconstitutional.

For all that, there is something arresting in the fact that the spinster who is now chief of the Children's Bureau, in company with other spinsters through whom the agency was created, should now be the leader of a great national effort to lift the level of well-being of the children and mothers of the nation. The unnecessary waste of infant life and the appallingly high mortality rate attributable to maternity escaped the attention of the nation until a few of these old maids laid bare the truth. Now through the Sheppard-Towner Act the framework for a great national system of public health service has been built. Already forty-two states are cooperating with the Children's Bureau, and the recruiting of an army of nurses and doctors to act as a first line of defence for the babies and the mothers of the land has begun.

The carrying into effect of this great program is the task immediately ahead of this young woman, or as the textile lobbyist preferred to say, old maid from Nebraska. With such an exhibition, who can question the value of woman's contribution to politics?

WILLIAM L. CHENERY.

Horizons

Ten acres gone to grass. He felt as though
The clover and the daisies understood
By what neglect they had been allowed to grow.
Well, *thinking* about an orchard did no good.
And then he gathered back to him the dream:
Next year it would be different—no more need
Of hiring help or someone else's team;
No more of seeing ten acres go to seed.

Almost before we know it, Summer 's here,
And grass, to be of any use at all,
Has to be mown. The wheat is in the ear;
The patient cow keeps munching in her stall;
Barns have been eaten empty of their hay . . .
Next year, perhaps . . . Next year he 'll find a way.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

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Burial Urns

WE came out from the Lower Church into the sun and sat down in the piazza above the valley. The Umbrian hills stretched away everywhere, blue and gentle; the olive trees on the slopes and in the meadows toward Santa Maria degli Angeli rose in the light above the sharp green fields and the bright slopes of green. Over all these mountains, over the valleys, the white dust roads and the austere, hard walls and gates and towers of the Assisi, the sunlight poured.

The artist said:

"I don't like somehow to think of St. Francis buried in that lower church. It's much too gloomy. I shouldn't like it. I'd like to be buried in the sunlight."

He looked softly melancholy as when he lectures in America on painting.

"But how can you be buried in the sunlight?" the young man said, the art student in tweeds.

The artist meant of course on a sunlighted hillside; he frowned.

"But for my part," the student said, "I don't want to be buried at all. I'd like to rest forever in one of those Etruscan urns we were seeing in Arezzo." Looking at the artist, "I'm for cremation."

"And why not cremation?" I said this, tempting the artist with a new subject.

He looked up seriously.

"That would be something," he said. "And who knows if the practice of cremation spreads in America it might lead to a real development in art, something that had to have new designs created for it? It would be a demand calling for artists to supply the necessary forms. Who knows what might come of it?"

Perhaps another lecture, I thought. But I said:

"New forms, yes, and artists refurbishing the Greek and Renaissance modes in burial urns and creating lovely shapes to express that poignant phase of human experience that these urns represent."

"Yes," said the artist, pushing his yellow hair impetuously backward, "yes, why not?"

"But still you must not forget that it would soon become an industry too," I said. "The urns would be turned out by thousands. There would be an urn trust—"

"Into which," the student interrupted—for we were all beginning to get a little smart and to feel our aesthetic oats a bit, after so many pictures and churches—"lofty and reserved old families would put their money—"

"And more shameless Jewish financiers might risk their names."

"And," said the artist, "we should see all over the country classic patterns turned out—"

"No," I objected, "one classic pattern, a lively rendering of a good stale Greek shape—"

"In all sizes, the edges bad, the nuances all lost, something regular and adept added that only a machine can give, and a power to turn them out at a price that would put them in everyone's reach, and at the same time pay the makers a vast percent. And agents going about with the new models, 1923, 1924. Rolled brass, silver plate, silver, gold plate, gold, these urns could be made from all materials according to the price."

"But the art in them would keep the same high level, thanks to scientific organization and efficiency experts."

"And electroplating would keep the same burnish," the student said.

"That's true," the artist said sadly, and perhaps rehearsing another lecture a little, "we are in danger always of commercialization."

"But we must not forget," I said, "how could we forget that a strong nation like ours would never for long be beaten by these gloomy reminders of death. Nothing so pessimistic. We should face those urns and conquer their gloom with optimism. We are not one of those rotten and dying civilizations."

"Keep smiling," said the tweed student. "How's that for an urn epitaph? It isn't raining rain today, it's raining violets."

"Or buck the line hard."

"Or something about evolution from Mr. Bryan. At any rate something one hundred percent idealism about death."

"And a firm in Chicago would no doubt be found whose poets would make verses for burial urns, something about the bluebird. But, seriously," I said, "we must not overlook another undoubted development in burial urns—"

"Arts and crafts," chirped the student.

"Among the Etruscans these urns were plainly a man's art. Their lines have vigor; they have strength and grace and a kind of beautiful fatalism. The archaic smile is there with its strange, tragic line. The stone, the bronze, the clay, whatever material is used, shows on it the force of the muscle and power that subdued it to such uses; the sentiment there is harsh and unescapable and strong."

"But with us," the student said, "the crafts are in gentler hands."

"Yes, hands that love beauty—"

"Pale hands I love you," moaned the student.

"Mild little hammering fingers and sentiments

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that arise from anthologies and Browning—" I meant lectures too but left them out.

"Victrolas!" the student said, "Christmas cards."

Sitting there in that glare of light and stone we began to discuss these agents of the arts and crafts, and those benign and frail artificers in leather, chamois, beads, brass and silver, that regale our land at home. Settlement ladies interesting the poor in the creation of art. Gentle youths that never quite decide what sex they will choose to adorn. Neurotic regretful virgins with their ceilingwax necklaces, batik scarfs and their contriving of brooches and chains, of silver and abalone shells that would look no doubt very well if ladies dressed in burlap. Mistresses who come in to show the children in kindergartens how to make mother presents. Weak fingers expressing anemia with tiny hammer and anvil and dyspepsia or disillusion in semi-precious stones. And last we mentioned the astute owners of giftshops, who know so well how to exhibit the productions of the hand-made pieces of art. For all these a new life work in the call for urns!

And you could already see the urns, we went on, the designs, the variety, the invention. There would be art nouveau patterns twisting about in a nasturtium mania or daffodils in convulsions. Or urns in the Victorian manner, cosy, stuffy, reminding us of the sacredness of the home; early Victorian with weeping willows and high-waisted veiled mourners; later Victorian with roses, lambs and a slanting cross. One might, of course, think that there would also be for these mortuary urns the ornate baroque, the munificent rococo, adapted to the rich bereaved, Renaissance and eighteenth century styles, and Benvenuto Cellini and the rest. But no, such forms will have to be left to the machines and manufacturers; there is something insincere about them; they are not simple; and they require a great deal of skill to make. When it comes to that it is better to have the simple American indigenous shapes out of our own civilization, something Navajo, Pueblo, silver hammered into small-pox and set with bad turquoises and Hopi symbols of the sun and moon, whose significance no doubt Hopi wisemen know.

Not to omit, the student specially insisted, the Tutankamen modes, Canopic jars in alabaster composition.

And so to offset the industrial and soulless urns of the department stores and drugstores and urn agencies, we should have the art urns in the gift shops and tea rooms.

We were silent then for a while, the three of us, thinking our own thoughts. The shadows of the bright sun lengthened across the stones of the road. Along the road beneath where we sat came a peasant walking beside his team of sweated clay-colored oxen, whose heavy wooden yoke joined them together in their labor up the hill. In the cart loaded with firewood sat the man's wife. The faces of these two were broad and harsh; the nose pointed and rather sharp, the mouth large and hard, curved upward toward the corners; much like the men and women on the Etruscan tombs. The man struck one of the oxen on the flank with a rod.

"And then you see," the student said, "when you were motoring through the Adirondacks and stopped at Ye Olde Tea Room and Gift Shoppe, while you were waiting you could select your urn."

STARK YOUNG.

Primum Mobile

Prismy shafts as clear as glass
Climb through golden glooms and dun.
Struck athwart them, sunbeams pass,
Black though tempest hide the sun.
Down a vivid blue crevasse
Sudden stars are wildly bright.
Rondured like a dome of brass
Light deceives from height to height.

Hissing serpentines of rain,
Streaming storms of hail are hurled,
Swirled and sown abroad like grain
Here, above the whirling world;
Vast and vague, as in a brain
Quick with all the pricks of sense,
Clouds of ever-changing stain
Coil and drift to confluence.

Ghostly spawn of vortices,
Spinning deeply dark and dim,—
Phantoms known as flowers and trees,
Seas where glittering fishes swim,
Rooms—like these— where sit and talk
Beings of most curious grace,
Streets where hurrying shadows walk,—
Somehow, then, emerged from Space!

All this world of Me and You,
Each preëminent event,
Twinkles like a spark of dew—
Nucleus of the firmament.
Vast and oceanic flame
Fades before one beam of eyes.
Sound of a familiar name
Echoing fills enormous skies.

Place your hand upon my heart
Lest some shattering blast be blown,
Lest these four walls flash apart
And infinity its own
Claim in flame.
Yet, as your face
Turns to meet my inmost dreams,—
There was—something—Outer Space—
How preposterous it seems!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Situation at Amherst

SIR: For one who would have liked to be close at hand during the Commencement controversy at Amherst, the account and interpretation of it in the New York press has been at least a voluminous consolation. In general, too, the account has been fair, and has apparently been anxious to understand the situation. It has, however, been disappointing to find it concluding almost unanimously with the same assurance that the Amherst case does not present any aspects of the college struggle against the interests which want to control it, which can be applied universally to other colleges. On the contrary, Amherst is a striking example of the only fight which amounts to anything in our colleges —the fight against the intellectually banal, the fight against the people who are busy.

In representing the events at Amherst the press has joined in the hunt à la Upton Sinclair, the hunt for interlocking directorates, for the hand of big business in the universities. Sinclair thought he found them, and enthusiastically discovered the universities damned. The press couldn't find them, and heaving a sigh of relief, it assures us that there is no issue of more than local importance. But the trouble with both conclusions is that they are far too simple. They commit the common error of the radical and the ultra-conservative, that is, the insistence that abuses be far more flagrant than they ever are before they will consider them significant. Except in isolated cases like Clark, it is uncommon for our colleges to be hampered by the utterly hide-bound conservative for which the papers have been looking. And if our trustees are rich, I suppose that it is true that as rich men go, they are liberals. Certainly it is true that the Amherst trustees are conspicuously liberal among successful people. A group of the opposition in the alumni was made up of the genuinely conservative, but it is quite right that no one should take their opinion very seriously, and the single expression of it which I have seen in the press was never repeated, probably silenced by the more adroit members of the opposition themselves.

The trouble started rather with the group which is intellectually uninspired and nevertheless influential in our colleges, those men among the faculty at Amherst who found the game as it was being played there far too vigorous for them, and those among the alumni who are unable to conceive a college in other terms than those of college activities. It ended with reference to men far superior to either of these two groups, but men who were too busy with other things to be genuinely interested in education, and certainly too busy to understand it. It is only on this basis that one can understand the triviality of the accusations of maladministration as they appear and are noted in the press. The final judgment of maladministration is the judgment of a group of men responsible for running an institution in which they have only a secondary interest, who discovered that the proposition which they had on their hands was not one which could be easily disposed of in the occasional trustee meeting which they had a right to expect as the fulfillment of their obligation, and whose interest was naturally one of securing peace, whatever the merits of the issues. On the one hand, they had an idea which had to be defined in intellectual terms or not at all, an idea which had acquired prestige in the academic centres of the country with unusual rapidity, and one which was being championed in a little community by a very vigorous group of faculty and students.

On the other hand, they had not conservatives, but the academic bourgeois, the men who had intrenched themselves in an academic enterprise, who never had, or had ceased to have, any inspiring place in it, and found themselves forced either to put new life into their methods, or to be ignored by students who found themselves in contact with teaching which had in it some real inspiration. These are the men, and not the conservative, who create the difficulties for democracy of which President Meiklejohn was speaking in his last address.

With this group on the faculty, was ranged that large part of the alumni for whom their college education was a kind of vacation before they started the real business of living. These are the men who want the college advertised and who think of advertising only in terms of college victories in athletics, the men to whom any intellectual interest is the interest of the grind. These again are not the hard-boiled profiteers for whom Upton Sinclair was looking. They are the small people who are entrenched in their own little positions, who expect the college to give men a vacation like the one they had, and to turn them out to do the things that they are doing. In politics and religion they may be liberals or conservatives, in any case they hate an intellectual issue, and their boisterous type of college loyalty is lost as soon as the loyalty to the college seems to require statement in intellectual terms. They are trivial people and numerous, though I doubt very much if they include anything like a majority of the Amherst graduates, and their powerful claim to an influence in college affairs is based only on an affection which they find warmer if they can keep it blind.

It is not surprising that these disgruntled or tired-minded people, speaking in terms of majorities, should have weight with a group composed as the trustees board is composed. The trustees were in a position to know that the accusations of maladministration were as trivial as those which we have read again and again, or as false as the accusation of misrepresentation of faculty views to the trustees, a statement which has often been repeated. But they weren't in a position to weigh all those arguments, nor has one seen from them a statement as regards the intellectual issues at stake. All they could do was to measure the opposition and the defence in terms of weight. The question which they wanted answered was, "How can we smooth this thing over?"—the inevitable question of men who are taking care of an institution in which they have only a casual interest and understanding. In terms of weight they found the bourgeois and the banal, outbalancing those who had a genuine policy. They would have found that true for any policy which demanded for its support intellectual keenness and intellectual vigor. The trouble with the Amherst policy was not that it was radical, but that it was alive and independent, it had a program which called for change, it called upon the teacher and the student to be different from the community outside the college walls, and that community which loves nothing better than to paint us all in the same colors, howled. It called on the academic community itself to be something different from what it had been, it gathered enthusiasm and support behind that policy, and the whole group which could not change or would not, and which couldn't bear to see a more successful group living beside it, cried autocracy, not because the institution wasn't democratically run, but because in a real democracy they were losing power. Finally, the decision came to men who had much real interest in the place, very little knowledge of what its business was, and very little time to give to an institution which in eleven years had grown from a community which they wanted to liven up to one which threatened to become positively absorbing.

President Meiklejohn has summed up these difficulties which the colleges face. As far as the difficulty lies with the faculty, he says, the colleges have to fight it out democratically. The college is the faculty, he has often said, and our colleges must work out their destinies as the faculties work them out for them. It is not a too encouraging prospect except as any democratic prospect is a plodding rather than a brilliant one, but it is necessary and the only one which in the end can be worth while. Anyone who knows the administrative policy at Amherst, and who had a chance to judge it objectively, would, I think, agree that it is the policy which has been followed there in spite of lack of confidence in democracy for the faculty on the part of both the trustees and some of the President's supporters. If it has cost the administration its place, autocracy isn't a new cry to be heard against a democratic policy which involved change, and it hasn't been done without giving us a stunning example of how the academic game in America is played.

So far as the trouble rests with the trustees and the alumni it is another matter. These groups, who are a long time removed from the college, and only casually interested in its real business, have right to very little consideration. The college has a right to tell the alumni that it is interested in them and that if they are interested in it, it is willing to go on trying to give then an education. Many of the Amherst graduates had expressed a wish for just that relation to the college, and a plan for the task had been inaugurated.

As far as the trustees are concerned, the college has to ask, not whether it will have its course determined by men who are illiberal, but whether it will have it determined by men who are

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outsiders. The question is whether the college is an institution which knows itself and its own game better than other people know it, whether it has a peculiar function to play in the community, and whether that function is too important to be governed, not by illiberals, but by dilettantes. JAMES SCOTT.

Conscripting Wealth in the Next War

SIR: The June 13th issue of the New Republic gives Bernard M. Baruch credit for being the real author of the idea that property should be conscripted in war time for war purposes the same as men.

It should not be forgotten that A. C. Townley, of Nonpartisan League fame of North Dakota, was tried, convicted and sentenced to six months in prison (after the war was over) for teaching and advocating the theory that property should be confiscated for war purposes the same as men. But Townley meant what he said and it was unfortunate for him that he said it when the war was on. The advocacy of such a measure at such a time was revolutionary and disloyal and only accepted by young men whose sense of right had been perverted by radical teaching, something far different from giving utterance to a bit of pleasant sentiment that anyone might accept in lucid moments. H. L. BAKER.

Eureka, Washington.

Justice for China

SIR: Having read your editorial regarding the problem of China in the issue of June 27th, I wish to express my appreciation of your keen insight and truth. China is in a transient period and it cannot be denied that the political condition is chaotic. But such a period is a stage through which every great republic is bound to have to pass. America, France and Mexico have gone through it, and China is no exception.

Unfortunately, most of the foreign merchants in China, backed by their governments, serve as obstacles to the progress of the country. Not long ago, they suggested to their respective governments that the railroads, finance and other important revenues of China be placed under international control. Their reasoning is that the Chinese people are hopeless, and the foreigners' lives and properties are in great danger! Or, to put it concretely, that the bandit is everywhere in China. Well, in Chicago, I was held up twice by high school boys, not to speak of professional bandits. Is it fair to bind the Chinese people's hands and feet and then to say that the Chinese people can not go fast?

The problem of China is complicated and it by no means can be solved by foreign interference. The more the foreign powers interfere, the more critical is the political condition; consequently, the foreigners' lives and property in China are in greater danger than ever before. It must be the Chinese people who work out their own salvation. This being the case, for China, for the world and for humanity at large, I beg American as well as European friends to let China alone. We Chinese people do not ask for mercy or help; the sole thing we want is justice.

Columbia University. C. F. LIU.

A Revolving Worm

SIR: The worm has turned. I have tolerated your occasional slips in history, your errors in science, your wrong turns in philosophy, and your vagaries in politics. I have written no word. When you have failed to divine the true balance between capital and labor, I have been silent. And in general I have indulgently held my peace when you ruthlessly contradicted my inner sense of the distinction between the false and the true. But now, all is over.

Mr. Louis Untermeyer has traduced James Byron Elmore, and outraged loyalty shouts. Spell it with four s's if he will, Mr. Untermeyer must not assign the Ode to Sassafras to Elmore. Elmore didn't write it. He says he didn't. He disowns it. He calls it "a piece of stale poetry and no child of his," he even styles it a "fake." And he proves it by six verses of the genuine vintage, in his opus Love among the Mistletoe and Poems.

I write so much in the spirit of truth, and Elmore. Personally, I must confess to a life-long regret that Elmore didn't write it, for it is, as Mr. Untermeyer rightly says, a classic apostrophe. Mr. Untermeyer made a literal Moron Wreck of it, and—worst of all—he left off the apostrophe.

Having cleared Elmore, let me give the correct version; and pray see to it that Untermeyer pastes it in his scrap book:

In the spring of the year,
When the blood is thick,
There is nothing so rare
As the sassafras stick.
It cleans up the hair,
It strengthens the heart,
And to the whole system
New life doth impart.

Sassafras, oh, sassafras!
Thou art the stuff for me!
And in the spring I love to sing,
Sweetest sassafras, of thee.

Waterbury, Connecticut. AUTOLOCUS, JR.

A Political Prisoner's Tenets

SIR: The enclosed letter from Mr. L. T. Doran, a political prisoner at Leavenworth may be of interest to your readers:

No doubt you have seen the newspaper reports covering Harding's gesture concerning the political prisoners. I am glad—very glad—that it's over, because now a clear-cut, well-defined line has been drawn. The material advantages(?) of release have long obscured what is to me the larger issue. Now the real issue, the ethical or *immaterial* aspects, will be discussed pro and con with much benefit, so I believe, to all.

Had Christ accepted Pilate's offer, there would have been no crucifixion. The tragedy of Calvary gave Christianity to the world. Luther at the Diet gave life to that which became the Reformation when he refused to smother that 'wee sma' voice' within and conform. George Fox gave new force to the same thing, truth, when he refused to remove his hat in the English courts. Gandhi smashed one of the most intolerable barriers when he followed the dictates of conscience, and as a result the caste system in India crumbled. In the light of such inspiring precedent, surely I can stand by my conscience and contribute my small mite to the noble end seen by the greatest of men.

I refused to accept the "conditions" on principle only. Any "condition" would be for me a degradation which my standard would not permit me to indulge. Do you recall Emerson's: 'A genuine act explains itself and explains your other genuine acts?' Conformity explains nothing. Of one thing I am certain, that the greater joy comes from being square with oneself, because thus one knows truth. Truth is a growing thing; it expands and presents new facets as one advances one's acquaintance with it. The trouble with the church brand of Christianity is that it has always been a game conducted on the profit basis. Be a "good" man or woman and you'll get to Heaven. There's a reward, a material advantage, offered to be "good." Why not be humanly good and decent because it is good to be good? That's what Christ *lived.*

Leavenworth, Kansas. ANNA N. DAVIS.

Some Questions for Mr. McDougall

SIR: Relative to the Lippmann-McDougall controversy, may I ask a question? It is suggested by Mr. McDougall's statement in his postscript [New Republic of June 27th, page 126] regarding Miss Arlett's conclusion that "at ages five and six Negroes are superior to whites of the same social status," whereas "at all ages beyond six, Negroes are inferior to whites and this inferiority increases with increasing age." That statement impresses Mr. McDougall as (to quote him) "striking evidence in support of the view that the function (or functions) which determines success under the 'intelligence tests' is in the main hereditary." Mr. McDougall's reasons for this conclusion do not explain the point I should like to have cleared up. To be specific, I will put my question in this form: If Negro children are superior to white children up to the fifth or sixth year, a period during which heredity would seem to the unscientific to be the more, and environment the less, influential factor, by what process of reasoning, or from what acquisition of scientific data, is it to be inferred that their subsequent deterioration relatively is due mainly to heredity and not to environmental influences?

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Either as part of my question, or supplementary to it, may I ask further if any weight, and if so how much, should be given to the fact that whereas up to the fifth or sixth year the Negro knows nothing of his supposed inferiority, he is thereafter made increasingly conscious of it by whites of every class?

Washington, D. C. LOUIS F. POST.

What Should be the Curriculum?

SIR: Will you kindly have the writer of the editorial in your June 27th number entitled Orator of the Day set forth in explicit form how he thinks college teaching could be made over from "the worst bungled job in the world" to a well handled one and just what facts should be imparted which are of value "anyhow." In other words, just how would the author of this editorial, should he become president of a college with a corps of like critical minded men as faculty, proceed with the curriculum so as to sharpen and brighten the mental tools of the youths looking up to him and so as to teach these youths what they "actually wish to know." REBA B. DIRLAM.

The Victorian Age Underrated

SIR: Your "Orator of the Day" speaks impressively, but not more convincingly than other Commencement orators.

He says, "The mechanical inventor has worked more astounding changes in these last two decades than in any previous two hundred years . . . a motor car . . . motion pictures, phonographs, radio telephony, jazz dances, and the rotogravure sections of the Sunday papers."

Here is enough truth, certainly, to deserve attention; but really the Orator underrates the changes of the century preceding 1903. The introduction of the daily paper changed the face of life not less than the introduction of the moving picture. The sewing machine, the kitchen stove, and the tin can, which together made the home no longer a big enough sphere to hold the whole woman, thereby did a work not smaller than the work of the motor car. I don't know how thoroughly the nation is affected by jazz dances, or by any use of the phonograph apart from dancing; but to offset them the nineteenth century produced the factory system and the mail-order catalogue. Have radio and rotogravure really done more than airplanes to form the youthful mind? Anyhow my younger days produced telephones, photography engraving (meaning not only half-tones but newspaper cartoons) and kodaks. STEVEN BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts.

How Can France Pay Up?

SIR: I was much interested in the editorial in our issue of June 20th, A Test of Allied Sincerity, but why not let us look the facts in the face, just as they are?

France owes to her Allies—Great Britain and the United States—a sum of money three times as great as that she paid to Germany as indemnity after 1870. Her population, without Alsace and Lorraine, is little, if any greater. The war was largely fought on her soil, and on her has fallen the labor of reconstruction and rebuilding her devastated cities, towns and villages.

France, Italy and Belgium say—with truth—that they cannot pay their indebtedness to their Allies unless they can secure payment from Germany. None of these three countries have large investments abroad, the income of which they can divert to pay an international indebtedness. Their only means of payment, therefore, are the shipment of gold, the value of services rendered, or the shipment of goods.

France's foreign investments were largely in Russia and Turkey, and are practically valueless. Is it not time, therefore, for Great Britain and the United States to approach the whole question of reparations and Allied debts in a businesslike way, and be prepared to accept German bonds, and relieve our Allies as endorsers thereon?

Perhaps, the invasion of the Ruhr by France is intended as an object lesson to Great Britain and the United States on the difficulty of collecting debts by force—"We have put the sheriff in the house, and see what we have got. Perhaps the Germans will work for you—they certainly won't for us."

Chicago. GEORGE MARPLES.

A Prayer*

LORD GOD, we look to Thee as the Author of our being, our Father and our Guide. Such we profess and declare Thee. It is man's best interpretation of Thy mind that has given shape and form to all that is sound and worthwhile in our civilization. It is Thy blessing upon its purposes that will make the work of this convention endure.

We thank Thee, Lord, that the purpose of this meeting is not partisan, its vision not insular, its ambition not purely national nor confined to any race or people.

We thank Thee that woman has so achieved that the nation now shares her counsel and outlook in the larger affairs of life.

We thank Thee that, at last, men and nations are being viewed not as isolated units, but as integral parts of the human family.

We thank Thee that in our day it is becoming understood that war is but a deadly conflict between brothers, a thing of the jungle, a grotesque relic of bygone ages when men moved about in nomad fashion to dispossess by force and to obtain by force.

We thank Thee, Lord, that as man has from the first striven to correct those primitive conditions that surround life with much physical and moral wretchedness, so even has he come to see that as long as the war endures, wretchedness will abide and indeed man will not be civilized at all.

We thank Thee for the growing suspicion that the power to declare war has been in wrong hands, and for the conviction that, as war is the normal state of things where an Indian chief can summon his council of ancients and with them decree that the warriors shall sally forth to destroy the young men of other tribes or perish in the attempt, so too must war continue with us as long as old men, whether in parliament or congress, can decree that our young men shall go forth to combat with, destroy, or be destroyed by other young men whom they know not and even do not see.

We pray Thee that old men, once aware how little they contribute of love and pain to the up-bringing of a boy, may realize fully how ill the power befits them to declare when and where young men must fight, kill, and be killed.

We pray Thee that the declaration of war be placed in the hands of the mothers of the land; for only there will it be in safe keeping. Then, indeed, will war's scourge be banished from the earth forever.

We feel that we live in the golden age of human history, that man today is in the throes of his deepest thought and effort to make certain that war shall be no more. Hitherto our prayer has been to the Lord of Hosts, the God of Battles; henceforth our prayer must be to the Prince of Peace. Grant that, rising above the spirit of prayer, the spirit of strife, we may welcome any suggestion, proposal, or institution best fitted to attain this end. Grant that the National League of Women Voters may ever strive for universal peace, the supreme need, the supreme hope, the supreme achievement of mankind.

Amen.

* This prayer was delivered by the Rev. Charles O'Connor, a Catholic priest at the National Convention of the League of Women Voters at Des Moines, Iowa.

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Echt Deutsch

The Story of the Development of a Youth, by Ernst Haeckel. Translated by G. Barry Gifford. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.00.

The Book of My Youth, by Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Wyndham Harding. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.25.

WE think of German character and civilization as stable and enduring human products, yet in the memory of living men no nation of Europe has appeared in such different rôles as Germany. There is the Germany from 1848, the year of revolution, to 1870, the year of unification; the Germany from 1870 to 1890, the year of the fall of Bismarck; the Germany of Wilhelm II. These autobiographies picture vividly the first two periods—the old Germany in which the familiar virtues of earnestness and simplicity, of family loyalty, of idealism and good will, still flourished, but in which a national consciousness of unity, energy and purpose was stirring always more strongly; and the middle Germany in which national success, with rapidly increasing power and wealth, was beginning to conceal the old background behind an ambitious and vulgar façade. Ernst Haeckel represents the development of the German mind in the field of its greatest triumphs, that of natural science. Hermann Sudermann illustrates it in a direction in which its success is more dubious, that of literature.

Ernst Haeckel went to Würzburg, Bavaria, to study medicine in 1852, at the age of eighteen. The volume before us consists of his letters during his four years as candidate in medicine, written for the most part to his parents. Throughout he displays affectionate reverence, a simple candor and rather solemn humor. If we cannot fully subscribe to the opinion of the editor of the German edition that "the youthful letters of Ernst Haeckel are among the most precious in the whole of epistolary literature," we must agree that the theme of parents and children has never been more beautifully and lovingly treated. The Haeckels were North German folk, with a strain of German puritanism, both religious and practical. It was doubtless with deep anxiety that they committed their son to the less strenuous atmosphere and more genial life of a Bavarian university. There was nothing in the candid heart of the boy to conceal. He shared his studies as his daily life with his parents, his academic program, his criticism of his courses, his doubts about his vocation, his joy in travel and discovery as well as the secrets of his account book and his daily menu. He doubtless delighted them by the staunchness with which at a party given by one of his professors, he stood up for the Prussian politics of his father against the relaxing influence of Austria, as well as by his fervent applause of Evangelical preachers and scorn of the Jesuits. He certainly did not shock them when he recounted his triumph in drinking a whole bottle of champagne safely, because he attributed his talent for drinking to the fact that he was "in every respect the true son of a gallant woman of the Rhineland"—which compliment perhaps touched his mother more than the remark which the youthful scientist added: "I had observed myself carefully and did not feel the slightest ill-effect; it was only after the third glass that I felt the arteria temporalis pulsate slightly, but which immediately ceased after I had sipped some water." He perhaps reassured these anxious ones by his conduct at another professorial party at which fully one-third of the guests were young girls. "I have learned," he wrote, "how to navigate safely around such rocks, so I did not speak a single word to one of them throughout the day."

Through this clear medium we see revealed the development of a character scrupulous, ardent, elevated. Haeckel was animated by the passion of knowing. He was rhapsodic over the gift of Berghaus's Physical Atlas; and accounted it a great triumph to have found the conomitrium julianum, the rarest of German mosses, in a well at Schleiz. He came under the instruction of Virchow, then at the beginning of his fame, but up to the close of the period of the letters the materialistic influence of science had not shaken the foundation of his religious faith. "I myself can only find comfort and peace," he wrote, "in this Christian belief, by my admitting this life of faith as a sphere quite apart from the life of knowledge and understanding based on the evidence of our five senses." This is a position which would have satisfied Cardinal Newman. His absorption in detailed investigation was balanced by a joy in nature in its larger aspects. His passion for the Alps was as profound as Ruskin's. And on a day when it was too windy for sketching, he could solace himself by reading "with true and fervent pleasure a few books of the Odyssey in the original text."

Those who find the youthful Haeckel a little priggish or sentimental may turn to The Book of My Youth. Sudermann was born a quarter century later than Haeckel. He was a boy of twelve when the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and this record is concerned mainly with the ten years thereafter in which he was striving with many failures to secure a place in the new, brilliant, meretricious world over which Bismarck presided. The parental theme is as marked in his autobiography as in Haeckel's, but with a different emphasis. His father was a small brewer in the Memel district, whose struggle doubtless provided the plot of Frau Sorge. Discouraged and overborne, he could give little help and less sympathy to the ambitions of his son to conquer the world by poetry. As the prodigal fell back upon the father's house again and again after failures at Königsberg and Berlin, the father drew away, more morose and indignant. Then one day when his father had been unusually bitter Hermann rose from the table, went over to him, put his arm about his neck and said, "Father, we are all up against it. Must we really make ourselves still more miserable by getting angry with one another?" Whereupon "with a shy yet tortured look of astonishment . . . as if a faint glimmering of a world which was gentler, better, and more loving had dawned on his consciousness," the father flung open the door and was gone.

It was Sudermann's mother who toiled and planned for him, getting him to school at Elbing and Tilsit, and raising money from relatives and neighbors to send him to the university at Königsberg and Berlin. There his life was very different from Haeckel's at Würzburg. He was for form's sake a candidate in philology, but Toller and Zupitza meant nothing to him. He could not understand their language. He joined a duelling and drinking club, dissipated his small resources, lived in extreme misery and nearly broke down his constitution by hunger, found a patron and was supported for a time in parasitic luxury as a private tutor, returned to the literary gamble and engaged in a frantic race with starvation to finish a romance for a popular magazine (which was rejected), and then by accident formed political connections and became editor

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of a Social-democratic weekly. Through this fabric of struggle and failure run the threads of casual love adventures and abortive liaisons, which reveal Sudermann as the raw youth, but which contributed obviously to his later art. Of this art, however, we hear nothing. To match Haeckel's enthusiasm for science there is no profession of service to an exacting mistress or loyalty to an aesthetic ideal.

Haeckel's record is the naïve, intimate revelation of a youth through his letters; Sudermann's, the review of a man who looks back on his early life and touches it with the instinctive emphasis and suppression of the man of the world. Yet this fact does not account entirely for the difference between the two books. That is rooted in personality and environment. Both men had a passion for life, but while Haeckel tried to discover its secrets in its elements, Sudermann strove to take possession of it by living and portraying it, by experience and art. To Haeckel life was a mysterious goddess to be approached with reverence and godly fear; to Sudermann it was a courtesan to be wooed with bribes and won by guile and force. There is a corresponding difference between the environments in which they grew up—Haeckel's, the world of scholarly simplicity and integrity, Sudermann's the hard, vulgar world of modern success, the world of Sodom's Ende and Das Hohe Lied. The influence of his world on the later Haeckel is an interesting subject of speculation. That Sudermann was conscious of his evil days is shown by his blurting out in Paulsen's Seminar that what Germany needed most was another Jena. But in both careers there is a single principle of unconquerable energy, of indomitable persistence, which unites them. Haeckel's victory over the intense repugnance which the study of the body first excited in him was matched by Sudermann's return and return again to wrestle with the world which denied him. Haeckel's prodigies of work were surpassed by Sudermann, who went to sleep on the hard floor at eleven to insure waking from discomfort at three. It is this devoted energy and power of endurance which is the most precious tradition of the past, and the hope of the future in the Germany of today.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

One Strand in the Skein

The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature, by George N. Schuster. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

"BY Catholic," the author begins by telling us, "is meant here nothing sectarian or narrowly controversial, but instead the broad, traditionally Christian outlook upon life which through many centuries molded European society into all but its ultra-modern forms." The statement is, however, seriously misleading, for every page makes it clear that what Mr. Schuster is writing about is the *Roman* Catholic spirit in all but the very narrowest sense. The extent of his concession to a broader interpretation of his subject may, indeed, be measured by the following sentence: "It is worth noting that a man may refuse (though it happens infrequently) to recognize the supremacy of the Pope and still possess the Catholic spirit." Protestantism is definitely excluded, evidently as "ultra-modern," and even Pusey and Keble are insufficiently Catholic for the writer's taste.

It would be unkind, however, to judge the book too narrowly by its own initial statement of its scope. Essentially the volume should be read as a sympathetic historical sketch, from the pen of a very convinced adherent, of the Roman Catholic literary renaissance in England during the past century. A list of the most important names dealt with will best indicate the ground covered: Kenelm Digby, Newman, W. G. Ward, Faber, Manning, Gerard Hopkins, Aubrey de Vere, Francis Thompson, Alice Meynell, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Louise Imogen Guiney, Lionel Johnson, R. H. Benson, Chesterton, and Belloc. To Newman alone three chapters are devoted—no more, certainly, than his fair share. Chesterton and Belloc are awarded a chapter apiece. It is a pity that the author's sympathies were not broad enough to permit of the inclusion of George Tyrrell. "It has been thought best"—so runs the only reference to this distinguished thinker, great writer and fine character—"to make but a cursory mention here of Father George Tyrrell, S. J., whose brilliant career ended darkly."

Judged according to its actual scope, however, the book is deserving of very real praise. The reader who does not possess the Catholic spirit will no doubt find it uncritical, and indeed it is true that Mr. Schuster never seems to betray any awareness of the literary limitations of his heroes, so as only they be good Catholics. Still, we can supply the salt of criticism for ourselves. Since historians, like other men, are apt to be guided in their judgments by other things than pure reason, we have often to choose between inside histories that are uncritical and outside histories that are unsympathetic. If the present volume is one of the former variety, that does not prevent it from being the most readable comprehensive sketch yet available of what is certainly a living movement in the literature of our time.

When, however—as in his opening chapter—Mr. Schuster trespasses beyond his proper field, his historical obiter dicta are sometimes of a kind that it is impossible to pass without protest. English eighteenth century free-thought, for instance, is made to be the laggard child of the French rationalism of Voltaire and the other Philosophes, whereas all the world knows that exactly the reverse was the case. Voltaire's Lettres sur les Anglais are alone sufficient to show how great was the influence of men like Newton, Locke, etc. in moulding his opinions. Or again, "When Victoria came to the throne, the English had practically settled down to a smug admiration for trade. The girl-queen governed an Empire larger—and more cruel—than Caesar had dreamed of. This Empire had forgotten nearly all the traditions of Englishmen, being immensely more interested in the heathen." On which, perhaps, no comment is needed. Annoying, also, are a number of minor lapses due to carelessness: homage aux dames for hommage; Mary Woolstonecraft for Wollstonecraft; Droste-Hülsdorff for Droste-Hülshoff (the German poetess); Dun Scotus for Duns.

There is one other reflection that has been suggested by the reading of this book. Mr. Schuster seems to find a convincing argument in favor of Roman Catholicism in the fact that it dominated European civilization during fifteen centuries of its career. The same sort of claim is here made as was recently made by Hilaire Belloc in an article in the Yale Review—the claim that European civilization is identified, for good or for ill, with the "Catholic spirit," and that he who would cast off that spirit is a vandal and an iconoclast and a fire-brand anarchist. Europe's memory,

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however, goes a long way further back than the fifteen centuries in question, and it has heard that same claim made before, with equal persistence and with very much the same sort of feeling behind it. For the last defenders of the Graeco-Roman civilization could see nothing in the growing power of Catholic Christianity but a rising tide of anarchy and vandalism, spelling the doom of the great inheritance which they loved so proudly.

JOHN BAILLIE.

The Trend of History

The Trend of History, by William Kay Wallace. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

We are standing on the threshold of an unpolitical age. Politics has fallen from its high estate. Since the floodgates of political privilege have been opened, and participation in political affairs has been vouchsafed to all, we find everywhere a progressively increasing apathy in matters relating to politics. The preeminence of the State politically conceived, has been called into question. Its sovereignty has been shorn of many of its mystical characteristics. Other forms of corporate organization are pressing for recognition. We may in turn see arising before our eyes a new, great social institution. Like feudalism it is in its essence unpolitical. As Lord Bryce has pointed out "feudalism was a social and legal system, only indirectly and by consequence a political one." We may today note that "industrialism," which may serve to denominate this new institution, is a social and economic system, only indirectly political. Such would appear to be the trend of history.

SUCH is the philosophy of Mr. Wallace. It may or may not be true, though it is certain that this point of view is shared by an ever greater number of progressive thinkers. Yet the validity of this thesis in no important way affects the value of Mr. Wallace's work. Much more significant is his conception of the purpose and method of history. "History," he says, "is the book of life of mankind. Its function is primarily interpretative. Historical interpretation means the selection of those relevant factors out of the mass of past events which stand in significant relation to the present moment."

The reviewer first looked over the work with a suspicion that this was but another half-baked effort so to present certain alleged historical facts as to reveal the divine displeasure with critical thought, the theory of progress, Bolshevism or natural science, but he has been compelled to admit a most pleasant disappointment. It is the belief of the reviewer that Mr. Wallace has succeeded to an unusual degree in the attempt to give a brief but adequate interpretation and synthesis of the leading trends in modern history. Clearly, with ample historical illustration, but without a maze of details, he sketches the development of secular absolutism and the modern ideas of the state, the rise of the bourgeoisie, the growth of parliamentary supremacy and constitutional government, the evolution of industrialism, nationalism, democracy and socialism, and the appearance of internationalism and imperialism, usually adequately indicating the interplay of theories and events.

The basic dynamic importance of the economic factors is brought out with sufficient emphasis. The third section of the work, that on internationalism and imperialism is the weakest portion. This degenerates into more of an approximation to the conventional chronicle of events, and is, to no small degree, confused and repetitious. Yet the author's somewhat original thesis that imperialism is a product of a combination of aristocratic and proletarian ideals rather than the result of bourgeois pressure for markets and investment opportunities is worthy of some reflective analysis.

There are a number of slight historical slips, and the author seems to have acquainted himself but little with the most original work done by synthetic historians in the last generation. Though the book would doubtless have been improved by recourse to such writers as Preserved Smith, Shepherd, Gillespie, Cunningham, Pollard, Abbott, Hayes, Becker, Ogg, Fueter, Hobson, Sombart, Veblen and others, this has not prevented Mr. Wallace from working out independently an extremely valuable synthesis and placing at the disposal of economists, political scientists and sociologists a clear statement of the leading factors and processes in the development of the modern and contemporary order.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Danish Man and Danish Woman

Ditte: Towards the Stars, by Martin Andersen Nexö. Translated by Asta and Rowland Kenney. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $2.00.

AT the end of this volume there is no more to say of Ditte. We left Pelle building up his ideals into brick and mortar; he has still much to achieve, much to learn. But Ditte in the three cycles of her life portrayed by Nexö lives out the full round of her growth; after that she can only grow old or die. And the story of slow years turning her into another old woman like Rasmussen would hardly bear writing or reading. As it is she makes a companion portrait to Pelle—the peasant woman whose whole life is in her motherhood, over against the peasant man in whom contact with the world of toilers creates a ferment of the kind that may one day leaven the world.

Very Danish are these books of Nexö. And what is *Danish?* The Norwegians, it is sometimes said, are to the Danes as the Scotch to the English; and to complete the analogy, the Swedes are to both as the French to the British. There is in this, perhaps, enough of truth to suggest the fundamental difference between the Norwegian peasant Hamsun, who seems still to feel himself a part of the earth and at the same time to strain away from it with a vague yet intense longing for something beyond, and the Danish peasant Nexö, who is detached from the earth, yet stands with his feet firmly planted on it and surveys with brotherly interest humanity like himself emerged from the soil but still so close that it smears all their garments.

Nexö, then, is Danish to the core; and his admitted charm, which translation cannot kill, is due in part to the freshness of the material with which he works. Somehow he has captured the essence of Danish peasant life. Educated just far enough above it to view it detached, travelled just enough to show it in perspective, and guided by the sure instinct of a temperamental and experiential

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sympathy with the people he writes about, he has contributed a fresh aspect of reality to literature—Danish peasants and working people as they are.

There is a sharper cleavage perhaps than he is aware of between his people of the countryside and his city workmen, bridged by his never-failing sympathy with the poor, yet marked by a difference in attitude and in method. Pelle's boyhood and Ditte's childhood and girlhood make us see and feel elemental life in sandy, sea-girt Denmark—no more. But when the young people become workers in the city, the problem of social reconstruction is introduced and we must think as well as realize.

Nexö's country scenes are authentic. Against a background of the light, delicate colors of the North, in an atmosphere brisk in summer, and stinging in winter with snow and sleet from the Baltic, in soil made fertile by endless labor but always with the heath and the sand not far off, he has created figures of men and women scarcely less in the rough than those who wore the prehistoric hempen garments not long since dug up out of the peat bogs. They are people to whom life is unintelligible except in terms of food and drink, covering and shelter, toil and sleep, and the begetting, bearing, and rearing of children. There are no niceties among them, no refinements, no polite concealments. What happens may be enjoyed, or must be borne; what is may be shown or talked about as freely as it occurs. It is all a part of life; and life is people living without purpose or hope, except it may be of an unknown heaven—merely living because God has made them and there is nothing else to do. So life is simple, hard, even brutal, but made endurable, happy at times, by love and the kindness of love. There is no need to say more about Pelle and Father Lasse on the Stone Farm, or Ditte mothering the children of the rag-and-bone man.

But young Denmark goes to the city. Here Nexö the schoolmaster is at work. In the great tenement house of the suffering, toiling poor, Pelle gets socialistic ideas; and immediately the pictures of life as it is lived are blurred by dreams of life as it should be. From what we are told about Nexö, it is easy to see how this has come about: he has apparently made Pelle the vehicle not only of his own experiences but also of his own mental development. This process is natural and interesting as mental autobiography; but it is not the way of art. It produces work that is confused by a double purpose, work which is even at times messy.

With the last Ditte book the case is very different. Cut off from the use of autobiography and possibly released from the need of exploiting his own ideas by the earlier projection of them in Pelle, Nexö has created out of observed facts, interpreted with an intuition not less than extraordinary, the figure of "Mother Ditte." Now the figure of the betrayed country girl has been sentimentalized over since literature first became self-conscious; but Ditte was not betrayed except by her own nature and she is not sentimentalized over by Nexö; she does not die of shame but of overwork and starvation and an irresistible passion of motherhood. It is this fundamental conception of Ditte that makes her story different from all the tragic romances of innocent country girls ever written.

In all the piteous record of her struggles to keep a home together, of her dreams and hardships when she was out in service, of her life among the poorest of the poor, we rarely see the world except through Ditte's eyes, the eyes of a blind motherhood fighting the world to save its brood. The experience is as rare in books as I believe it is common—was common among working women of all generations before this present.

Like Pelle, the Ditte trilogy builds up a strangely vivid and appealing picture of Danish life; even through the distorting medium of a language not its own, it penetrates with its deep understanding of simple forms of human nature, and perhaps especially of little children. But Ditte is the greater work of art—greater in its imaginative detachment, in its freedom from socialistic propaganda, in its elimination of the non-essential, in its passionate concentration on a single universal phase of experience. It may be Nexö's business as journalist to preach socialism; it is within his power as novelist to shut the door on theory and propaganda and to paint in the open the life of the Danish countryside as it has been realized on canvas by some of the artists of the Skagen school. It is worth knowing, this microcosm of Denmark.

EDITH RICKERT.

The Tocsin of Revolt

The Tocsin of Revolt, and Other Essays, by Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

THE latest volume by Professor Brander Matthews is composed of fifteen essays written from 1910 to 1922. During these years he has published six volumes, and this one indicates an inclination on the part either of his publishers or himself to reduce his uncollected writings to the lowest possible terms. Nine of the essays apply specifically to American art or literature, six are ostensibly in the field of the light essay; but the light essays are not light, and the literature essays are all too obvious. The title number, for example, which is written de senectute, begins:

> When a man finds himself at last slowly climbing the slopes which lead to the lonely peak of three-score-and-ten he is likely to discover that his views and his aspirations are not in accord with those held by men still living leisurely in the foothills of youth.

Think of coming out soberly with that, following with the statement that age should be cautious in its censures, continuing with the contention that the innovator should be familiar with old standards before he moves on to new ones, and concluding with a blanket indictment of the whole rising generation! If Mr. Matthews had only named anybody, there would be something to think about—possibly somebody to defend. As it is there is nothing to do but quote one of his own dicta later in the volume: "First of all we need to remember always that contemporary criticism about contemporary literature is very rarely important or significant."

It is hard to forgive a university professor of 1922 for raking up old scores by deliberately reprinting a reply to the ninety-three German scholars for what they wrote in the early days of the war; and it is hard to understand why he should print sixteen didactic pages on Cosmopolitan Cookery. Perhaps both are explained by the title of number seven, A Plea for the Platitude. However, the Molière paper has one good thing: "The Imaginary Invalid today is a morbid student of psycho-analysis making a collection of his own Freudulent complexes." But even that is not worth 294 pages.

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The Gift Horse

Futility, by William Gerhardi. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.75.

CLEVERNESS, a semi-precious quality, is as rare as the beautiful, though it is of its essence that it might become common; and when found is announced with almost as much relief. To quibble at the gift horse, having ridden him with pleasure, is thankless; but the critic's obligation remains. He is chiefly called upon to point out how much and by what means, in John Dewey's words, "the factors and qualities hang together." There are three types of construction: the plot or situation novel, the group novel, and the pattern novel, organized as music.

Futility is plainly a group novel: a cluster of characters showing the facets of whatever interests or institutions bring them together, Nicolai's wife, his wife's two lovers, the dependent prince, his three daughters and their suitors, his first mistress, his second mistress and her large family including uncle Kostia, the stock dreamer who never washes. Certain supernumeraries like Sir Hugo and the Admiral are elaborated because they are English, and because the Intervention is a compelling section of the international bad conscience. The family is the nucleus, a facile unity; and not quite flawless.

The reference of the book to behavior, its testimony to political or moral developments, is a secondary matter; but in this respect it is easy to praise this much-praised novel. Functionless middle-class Russia in its hot drawing-rooms full of eau de cologne and canaries, and afterward trailing across Siberia after the British army, could not be more healthily mocked. The method is that of the cartoon: identification of the exterior with the interior, clothes with man; and repetition of identifying habits so that they become merely a way of naming—the one who sits picking his teeth, the one who sprays himself with perfume, the one who says "Splendid! Splendid!" Thickness and solidity of characterization is produced by the number of traits which hang together by their aptness to focus precisely as do the larger parts of the whole. But the comic writer has no use for three or four dimensions, for the projections of solids, or the pressure of the weighty conceived on a ground of the actual. Every object in his display must have a characteristic; the effect is linear.

Mr. Gerhardi's odd refusal to deal with the eventful is so little demonstrated as an aesthetic necessity that we believe it to be only temperamental. The revolution takes place off stage; the elopements, whims, and hungers which were required to bring the families into one and make fools of them all, appear only as moth-eaten echoes in a rented sitting-room. Futility ends by obsessing him, producing a marked deterioration of viewpoint when his cynical narrator shamelessly joins the futile crew out of love for the inanest of girls. He will be valued for the depiction of frustration and tedium: "the Admiral diverted most of his time by throwing empty tobacco tins at the pigs that dwelt in the ditches around the train . . . 'Splendid!' said Sir Hugo. 'Splendid!'" The mock heroic, a sort of pseudo-Stracheyism, is also excellent, as such: "the gallant Admiral in the bedroom opposite, tucked away between his heavy blankets, his teeth in a glass of water on the table at his side . . . seeing visions of a Napoleonic ride athwart the great Siberian plain, at the head of his vast new armies. . . ."

GLENWAY WESCOTT.

Caliban in the Slums

Goat Alley: A Play in Three Acts, by Ernest Howard Culbertson. Cincinnati: The Stewart Kidd Company. $1.75.

WHEN Mr. Rudyard Kipling let loose on English readers a shoal of stories about Indian life which were clever, pungent and delightful, every literary critic who had never been to India went into ecstacies over "the convincing realism" of their local color. No one asked the Indian anything. . . . But I need not complete that apologue. Here is Ernest Howard Culbertson who has just put into print a drama of Negro life, which, like Les Avariés, failed on the stage—and for similar reasons. And here are H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan and Ludwig Lewisohn to swear that it is true to life and even true to art. All of which I courteously but explicitly deny. And if the fox may be forgiven a word of comment on the hunt, I might even say "Bosh!"

In the matter of art: the first of the three acts is too long, loose and erratic. The dialogue seems to be extending pathetic tentacles and grasping blindly for the trail of the theme. And when that trail is found the auther still insists on exploring many by-paths before continuing on the way. The play is, perhaps in consequence, top-heavy. And the dialect is pure blind guess-work. When the southern Negro of the lower classes tries to say the word "to" and fails, the result is a simple slurring of the vowel, precisely like that of the New England farmer, thus: "tuh." There is never even the suggestion of a terminal "r" as Mr. Culbertson gives it. And what he says for "water" is a long way dialectically from the author's "wattah." Neither does that type say "finally." The dialect in which the characters speak may look conventionally correct to those who study Negro English in the pages of Octavus Roy Cohen; but as a transcript of the actual thing it is hopeless.

In the matter of life: one part of the composite atmosphere of the alleys of Southwest Washington—alleys, which, by the way, no longer exist—the sordid, grim, vulgarian part, is faithfully reproduced in Goat Alley. And while the critic must leave to the creative artist freedom of choice in the selection of his materials, yet it must be said that what Mr. Culbertson does remind us of is a verse from Saxe's Six Blind Men of Hindustan who went to see the elephant.

> The fifth who chanced to touch the ear
> Said, "E'en the blindest man
> Can tell what this resembles most;
> Deny the fact who can.
> This marvel of an elephant
> Is very like a fan."

The unrelieved moral, physical, and spiritual squalor of the picture of Negro life in Washington which the author of Goat Alley paints does not correspond to the realities there any more than his dialect does. The sincerity of his striving is apparent in his handling of his characters. What we see between Sam and Lucy at the end of the first act is love—sweet and pure and passionate—bursting pathetically into flower on a reeking dung-hill. And every one of the types presented undoubtedly exists. But these two facts will not save the play, either as art or life. Inaccurate observation and incompetent transcription still stand in the way of its acceptance as a great, good, or even worth-while play, despite the Olympian affability with which the distinguished triarchs aforementioned would godfather it into the good graces of a public already too uncritical.

HUBERT HARRISON.

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The Farmer and His Community, by Dwight Sanderson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. $1.25.

HAPPILY the sociologists are being forced to adopt the scientific method. Serious students of man and society are no longer content to feed upon the hot-house orchids of thought and speculation which have in the past been designated sociology. The division of labor within the field of sociology has been one of the important factors in leading students along the harsher but more fruitful way.

Professor Sanderson appears to be thoroughly aware of this tendency. He is a product of the division of labor, a specialist dealing with the problems of rural life, and his book gives validity to this form of specialization. The separate chapters on the rural home, education, religion, health and business are particularly well-based. The author has made good use of actual studies and surveys and his interpretations in these chapters are balanced, sober, and frequently of a creative nature.

The book places the emphasis where it needs to be placed for the present, on the local community, and constitutes the best synthesis of the numerous rural studies which have been going forward during the last decade thus far published. The style is informal and more or less popular—which means that one need not be a trained social scientist to understand what Professor Sanderson desires to say.

E. C. L.

The amazing profits earned by the banks in this country—profits which in 1922 averaged twenty percent on their capital stock for an important group of institutions—are analyzed and discussed, on a basis of their official reports to the government, in a striking article by David Friday which will appear in the next week's issue of the New Republic.

Contributors

EDWARD J. BING is of Hungarian descent, a graduate of Oxford. A widely recognized authority on Near Eastern affairs, he is now the Near Eastern expert of the United Press Association.

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HUBERT HARRISON is the author of The Negro and the Nation, When Africa Wakes, and Natural Health.

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